

THE
TYRANNY OF LOVE;

OR
MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARCHIONESS D'AREMBERG.

VOL. I.

‘Sincerity!
‘Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
‘Thy onward path.’

HOMER.

LONDON:

Printed for C. ELLIOT and T. KAY, No. 332 STRAND;
and CHARLES ELLIOT, EDINBURGH.

TYRANNY AND LIBERTY

MADAM

That lively admiration
and profound respect which cha-
racter distinguished by uncommon
merit must ever command from
the well-instructed and un-
biassed mind, has induced me to lay before you the
following pages, which I honoured
by your appointment as a source



Printed by J. G. Smith, at the British Museum, 1753.

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR,
LONDON:

Printed by G. Smith, at the British Museum, 1753.
and Charles Taylor, Esq.

TO
MRS. FITZHERBERT.

MADAM,

THAT lively admiration and profound respect, which characters distinguished by uncommon merit must ever command from the enlightened part of mankind, induces me to lay before you the following pages, which, if honoured by your approbation, will be a source of happiness to,

MADAM,

Your most obedient and

Most humble Servant,

THE AUTHORESS.

L E T T E R I.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-wood.

I N vain you call forth all your eloquence to seduce me from those peaceful haunts ; I am proof against your utmost allurements ; your glowing description of new beauties, enchanting as the famed daughters of Circassia, pass lightly over my mind, and I remember the picture no longer than while surveying it.

Not all the joys of fashionable life can excite a wish in my heart to join its busy circle : the bosom of nature clad, as it now is, in a vest of purest white, charms me more than all the laboured beauties of the fairest modern

VOL. I.

B

belle :

belle : I climb the mountain's height
 in pursuit of health, and often yield
 my soul to contemplation, while the
 whistling ploughboy and the ruddy
 milkmaid carol in the valley beneath ;
 I then descend, and on the frost-bound
 river enjoy the salutary blessings of
 exercise. These are joys that bring no
 sad attendant, nor leave behind a sting ;
 but, while they invigorate the body,
 exalt and refine the soul. Nor are
 these the only causes that conspire to
 estrange me from those gay scenes
 which you pourtray in such alluring
 colours. I have found in the deep
 shades of this romantic solitude the
 treasure after which my heart so long
 has panted. Yes, my friend, the *rara*
avis, which you have so often assured
 me never did or would exist but in the
 visions of imagination, actually resides
 in an obscure cottage on the border of
 my estate : a woman who owes not her
 enchanting simplicity to ignorance,

nor the unspotted purity of her mind to want of attraction ; who has, if I mistake not, trod the thorny paths of adversity, and drank deep of sorrow's bitterest cup, without being polluted by them ; but, with a mind fraught with every valuable acquisition, and full of sensibility, soars far above the power of misfortune ; and retires, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the busy haunts of men, to enjoy the blessings of early experience and approved virtue in the bosom of friendship and retirement.— Nor was the manner in which I discovered this fair phenomenon less extraordinary than her own perfections.

It was one of the bleakest mornings which this inclement season has produced, when, passing near a small romantic cottage that had often attracted my notice, I beheld this enchanting creature, tenderly supporting a poor decrepit old man, who seemed bending under the accumulated evils of age,

poverty, and illness. ‘Courage, my
 ‘good father,’ said she,—‘a few
 ‘steps more, and you will find an
 ‘asylum from all your sorrows; peace
 ‘and comfort shall bless the evening
 ‘of your days; and, in endeavour-
 ‘ing to promote your happiness, I
 ‘shall assuredly augment my own.’

The old man breathed a sigh of
 gratitude: I raised my eyes to the fair
 consoler; but what a profusion of
 charms burst upon my sight! Her
 form is such as conveys the strongest
 picture of delicacy united with ele-
 gance; but in attempting to delineate
 the irresistible sweetness and dignity of
 her countenance, the symmetry of her
 features, and the transparent beauty of
 her complexion, I am sensible that any
 description must fall infinitely short of
 the original. Her large black eyes are
 formed to melt the soul of apathy it-
 self, while their sable curtains vainly
 strive to hide their lustre, but only add
 to

to their bewitching softness : her aquiline nose, coral lips, and bright auburn tresses, seem emulous to rival each other in excellence ; and when she speaks, the finest set of teeth I ever beheld, aided by ten thousand little loves and graces sporting on her dimpled cheeks, contribute to render her a perfect pattern of excelling Nature.

I stood for some moments absolutely entranced ; when, recollecting myself, I offered my assistance to convey her drooping charge into the house ; she modestly thanked me, and, blushing, accepted my offer. A tall elegant youth met us at the door of her humble hermitage : never have I beheld more graceful elegance and manly beauty united in any of my sex : his complexion a clear olive, his hair a bright chesnut, which waved carelessly over his shoulders ; and the brilliancy of his fine dark eyes dazzled those of the beholder : his other features, and the

expression of his countenance, bore a striking resemblance to those of his fair companion; he appeared about twenty years of age; his dress was scarcely distinguished from that of the simple villager, but his air and manner were strongly characteristic of superior rank. He approached us with a look of surprise and earnest inquiry. The fair unknown looked up with a smile of ineffable tenderness, saying ' Here is
 ' a poor infirm traveller, my dear Ed-
 ' ward, whom I found almost expiring
 ' amid the tempestuous fury of this
 ' morning. I was at my chamber
 ' window, endeavouring to restore life
 ' to an expiring bird, when the groans
 ' of this unfortunate stranger reached
 ' me. I instantly followed the sound, and
 ' beheld him, as I then thought, breath-
 ' ing his last, under the garden; but the
 ' application of my salts restored him
 ' to his present state; and to the huma-
 ' nity of this gentleman am I indebted
 ' for

‘ for every other aid.’—She raised her beautiful eyes to mine, with an expression of indescribable sweetness, as she pronounced these words : and, while I assisted in conducting the aged traveller to a couch, I envied his situation, thus blessed by the tender assiduities of surely the most lovely of women. The young man contributed all in his power to comfort and support their fainting guest, while his fair preserver flew to procure additional aid ; and, kneeling beside him, fervently besought a blessing on their pious efforts, while she bathed his temples, and applied some restorative cordial to his lips. I was too deeply penetrated to offer any farther assistance : a new world seemed opened to me : I scarcely believed the testimony of my senses, and asked myself, if all I saw was not illusion ? often had my imagination traced a model of feminine excellence, which

at length I beheld perfectly realized; and, after begging permission to repeat my visit, I returned home with a perturbed mind.

Adieu.—The novelty of this scene may possibly afford you some amusement, by being so strikingly contrasted with the scenes in which you are engaged; my second interview with these amiable strangers shall be described in my next.

Yours,

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON TO CHARLES
WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Grovesnor-square.

AND so, thou knight of the woful countenance, you have absolutely met with a damsel to your taste! Heaven be praised, I say! for the gloomy shades, and still more gloomy inhabitants, of Caern-Wood, at this comfortless season, must stand greatly in need of novelty to enliven the scene; and this seraphic pair (who are, no doubt, just tumbled from the stars) will certainly prove a valuable acquisition to your hermitage.

Pardon me, Charles, but your letter has afforded me an infinite fund of amusement; and I have laughed at the

grave manner in which you relate this adventure until I can laugh no longer. Your description of the treasure, after which your heart so long has panted, is pleasant enough. The girl is handsome, you say: superlatively so, unless you exaggerate; but, as for all those internal beauties which excite in you such rapturous effusions, give me the casket, and you shall be welcome to the gem it contains: in short, I shall certainly pay you a visit, if only to give my opinion of this paragon of excellence. But who is the gallant that you mention? rather a formidable rival by your account; at least with a woman such as you describe. The modern charmers, whose names you so frequently profane with your unhallowed lips, would frown equal contempt on him and you, while conquest attends my steps, from the haughty peers down to the simpering chambermaid.

Oh, ye gods! such an affair at this
moment

moment awaits me as will render me the envy of the whole world, and immortalize my name in the annals of gallantry. At the masquerade last evening a lady in the character of Circe attracted my notice : I addressed her, and was honoured with a most gracious reception : an assignation was the result, and this is the appointed hour. I had her watched to her carriage ; and, to my unspeakable gratification, am informed that she is the young and beautiful Comtesse de Cervigne, a native of this kingdom, but now the idol of the Gallic court ; from whence she is but just arrived, with her husband, on a visit to her relations here,

Adieu.—I have not another moment to waste ; but shall most impatiently expect the sequel of your adventure ; and, when I am cloyed of the pleasures of the gay world, I shall hasten to pay my devoirs to your fascinating villager.

G. HAMILTON.

L E T T E R III.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

No, no, my gay and gallant friend,
your conquests must not extend here;
I will not admit your visits, but absolutely protest against all such intruders; keep within your own circle, and let not your presumptuous wishes wander toward my lovely recluse; she is a being of a superior order: and your daring to mention, or even think of her in the style you have done, is a kind of profanation. Let the beautiful Comtesse content you; and if she is weak enough to listen to your vows, you will, I doubt not, avail yourself of her folly, and taste all the happiness of which
such

such beings as yourselves are susceptible ; but seek not to molest the sacred haunts of virtue, friendship, and retirement.

Be as merry as you please at my expense ; I can laugh in return : laugh at the folly of what you term pleasure, and pity the disappointment by which it seldom fails to be attended. You affect to contemn my philosophy ; I will not say what are my sentiments respecting your excessive levity ; you know me too well to render it necessary. And now, having answered your letter, I will proceed to the performance of my promise, and endeavour to describe my second interview with the amiable cottagers. It was on the evening of the same day on which I first beheld them ; and my anxiety for the fate of their aged guest pleaded a sufficient apology for my early intrusion. He was reclining on a couch when I entered, his humane entertainers were seated beside

side him, and he seemed addressing them, with much eagerness, but in so low a voice that I could not distinguish what he said; his pallid countenance was animated by a momentary suffusion; and his lately languid eyes illumed by an emanation of joy, tenderness, surprise, and gratitude. He gazed alternately in each of their faces, clasped their hands between his own, bedewed them with his tears, and breathed a fervent ejaculation; they seemed all equally affected; and I entered unperceived. The stranger faintly informed them that his spirits were weighed down by sleep, and begged permission to retire: they arose to conduct him to a chamber, and started on beholding me; but, requesting I would be seated, they led their trembling guest out of the room; and in a short time returned, saying they had left him in apparently balmy slumber. I then expressed my surprise at not
 having

having sooner known such desirable neighbours; and regretted the irretrievable loss I had sustained by that ignorance. ‘ We have been but a few weeks resident here,’ said Edward, with his eyes mournfully declined on the ground; ‘ and Georgina, my dear sister, has been oppressed by illness, the principal part of that time.’ ‘ Your sister!’ I exclaimed; and my heart welcomed the pleasing information. ‘ Yes,’ he replied, ‘ this beloved sister, my only friend, my counsellor, my guardian angel, has been hovering on the brink of eternity.’ She tenderly inquired why he would thus dwell on mournful recollections which could not possibly be interesting to me, and must distress themselves? adding, ‘ Are we not happier now?’ ‘ Yes!’ he exclaimed, ‘ indeed we are; and I hope we shall never part again.’ He paused---then addressing me, ‘ Sir,’ he continued, ‘ we are two unfortunate
 ‘ orphans,

‘ orphans, whose happiness now depends
 ‘ in a great measure, upon each other.’—
 ‘ May no invidious hand,’ said I, ‘ ever
 disturb it.’—‘ But I trust,’ continued I,
 ‘ you are not so abstracted as to refuse
 ‘ the blessing of your society to one, who,
 ‘ although a stranger, is ambitious to
 ‘ prove himself a friend; and if he
 ‘ cannot augment your felicity will
 ‘ promise never to embitter it.’ They
 looked pensively at me, and then at
 each other:—a soft blush of approba-
 tion crossed the features of the enchant-
 ing Georgina, and Edward, presenting
 his hand to me, faltered out ‘ be ever
 ‘ welcome here, exalted stranger! and
 ‘ if our esteem is worthy your accept-
 ‘ ance rest assured of possessing it.’ I
 expressed my lively sense of the obliga-
 tion these words conferred; and, telling
 them I should be a frequent intruder,
 bade them adieu.

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER

L E T T E R IV.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON TO CHARLES
WERSTEIN ESQ.

Grosvenor-Square.

YOUR envious predictions seldom fail to be verified; disappointment seems to attend my steps; *this* enchanting fair-one, of whom I was so deeply enamoured, and by whom I believed myself distinguished; is surely some phantom of the imagination, for I cannot trace her in existence; and am maddened at the delusion. Whether a real or visionary being, the Comtesse de la Cervigne is now the goddess to whom my most ardent devotions are addressed; and I turn from the rest of the sex with disgust. Perhaps I am adoring a deity of my own formation; but

but I do not think I can taste of peace until I possess the original of that enchanting picture which this adventure has impressed upon my heart. I am strangely infatuated; and, as you often say, I blush for my own weakness, and begin to apprehend that I am infected with your romantic enthusiasm. But methinks I hear you exclaim, how have you disposed of the masquerade Circe! It is that which thus distracts me. I was faithful to the appointment: darkness at first favoured the impression she had made upon my mind; I fondly thought myself blessed; and the accents that fell from her tongue seemed to me more harmonious than the songs of seraphs. The image of that divine creature, who was pointed out to me as the Comtesse de Cervigne, when on my travels, filled my whole soul, and I believed myself the most fortunate of mortals. But attend to the mortifying sequel; which I cannot give you
a truer

a truer idea of than by quoting the following lines :

- ‘ When in the dark on her soft hand I hung,
- ‘ And heard the tempting syren, from her tongue,
- ‘ What flames, what pangs, what torments I endured ?
- ‘ But when the candle entered I was cured.’

Such was my situation ; the sight of a spectre could not have affected me more sensibly than her haggard aspect and deformed figure. I started back some paces on beholding a being so different to what I had imagined ; and my wonted presence of mind entirely forsook me. The fair *dulcinea* ‘ grinned horribly a ghastly smile ;’ and, endeavouring to assume an air of tenderness, inquired if I was ill. I replied in the affirmative, adding, that I was frequently seized thus, but would not fail paying my *devoirs* to her again as soon as my indisposition would permit ; and, with assurances of the most profound

profound respect (a sentiment which her appearance and age was much more calculated to inspire than a tender attachment), I retired rather abruptly, and threw myself into a chair more dead than alive : leaving the astonished fair one not to repent (that I fear she is past), but to wonder at her leisure. I must certainly, notwithstanding your restrictions, try the efficacy of a visit to Caern-wood, to banish this unpleasant scene, and the severe chagrin by which it was attended from my memory : and to restore my former ease and vivacity : for so deep and unusual is the impression which this affair has left upon my mind, that, spite of all my efforts, I am no longer the same

G. HAMILTON.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

I ALWAYS hoped and believed that you would soon be weary of those scenes in which you engaged with such avidity : I was well convinced that nature had given you a mind superior to the groveling pursuits which have lately engrossed your attention ; a mind formed for happiness of a much more refined and exalted nature, or I should never have dared to call you by the sacred name of friend ; a character which must have reason, virtue, and integrity, for its support.

Be not surpris'd when I tell you that I almost venerate the poor despised
lady

lady whose want of attractions occasioned you such severe regret, for being the means of restoring you in some measure to reason : when the cure is complete you will be welcome here ; and the converse of Georgina and Edward will, I trust, do more than all I can say in confirming you a rational. From their lips you will imbibe the dictates of wisdom and truth : and if one spark of virtue and morality exists in your heart, their example will fan it into a bright and glorious flame, diffusing unspeakable happiness over all your future days.

Time now moves on winged with every felicity that my mind is capable of enjoying ; the friendship of Edward, and the soft approving smile of Georgina, fills me with grateful transport, gives birth to pleasures, till now unknown, and converts this so lately dreary scene into an elysium ; happiness surrounds me which ever way I turn,
and

and contentment attends my steps. I am blessed to the utmost height of my expectations; and, in the delightful hope of augmenting the felicity of my amiable friends, I experience the most lively addition to my own. Here the golden age seems realised; health, peace, and virtue, crown our days, and no tumultuous passion interrupts our enjoyments. But I often tremble when I reflect on the uncertainty of all human events, how frequent the intrusions of misery, and how impossible to ensure the next moment, in this ever varying scene. These reflections frequently occur, and imbitter the present bliss. But I hasten to the cottage of Georgina; and, in the delightful society of its amiable inhabitants, forget all that can wound my peace: and, oft as I return, do I give a tear to the memory of Eliza's sufferings. Ah! my friend, obdurate indeed must that heart be who could suffer so much sweetness

ness to languish in despair. I know not the man worthy of Eliza's love ; but love is undoubtedly the malady that preys upon her life ; and Eliza's soul is too noble and exalted to select an object that would disgrace herself or you. You ascribe her silence to a consciousness of impropriety ; I attribute it solely to an excess of delicate timidity. Be advised in this important case ; and, by discovering the secret, which your lovely sister so carefully cherishes, be assured you will preserve her valuable life. I again repeat it, Eliza cannot make an improper choice ; nor can any man of sentiment be insensible to the preference of one so eminently lovely. To snatch from the grave a woman formed to adorn and bless society would certainly secure a reward : her virtues must inspire esteem and tenderness. The beauty, grace, and elegance of her person and manners, aided by her accomplishments, would

would excite the most lively admiration; and these sentiments would assuredly secure as large a portion of felicity as is usually allotted to mortals. I am, you know, a zealous advocate for an union of hearts; it should, in my opinion, ever be preparatory to that at the altar; I know of nothing else that can promise contentment in the marriage state. Error and imperfection are the lot of humanity; and it requires no common degree of attachment to inspire both parties with that tender indulgence to each other's foibles, so necessary to constitute happiness between the sexes, and render a chaste and honourable union truly desirable. But the mention of *Eliza* has drawn me undesignedly into a dissertation on connubial happiness; a theme which will as assuredly excite your ridicule as the recollection of your sister's declining state will wound your feelings; therefore, pardon my dwelling so long on the pain-

ful subject, and let us return to the amiable cottagers. We are now become quite inseparable: our friendship every day gains new strength; we spend the chief part of our time together; and from the lips of Edward I have learned that Georgina has been well tried in the school of adversity. The air of most affecting melancholy that marks her character is thus accounted for; as yet I know not particulars, nor dare I inquire. I often wish she could be known to Eliza; methinks they seem formed to love each other; for you, I partly wish and partly dread your presence. You are on all hands allowed to be a dangerous man; but no, not with Georgina; she would, unless my judgment greatly deceive me, contemplate all your wondrous graces with stoical indifference. The traveller whom she rescued from death proves to have been a faithful domestic either in their own family or some one with whom

whom they were intimately connected; their descent I find is noble: an air of mystery at present envelopes them, which time and increasing confidence, will, I doubt not, soon remove. Adieu; I am more than ever detached from the fashionable world.

Remember me in your letter to Eliza; tell her I will preserve her picture sacred as the relic of a departed saint; and wear it next my heart. Tell her likewise that I still hope to embrace her in health and happiness; but think not that the pure air of southern France, or any other air, however salutary, can administer relief to a wounded spirit—Ah! no—trust me the whispers of fraternal affection and consoling friendship will prove much more efficacious in removing the malady that oppresses Eliza's mind. Farewell, and believe me ever your and her sincere friend,

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER VI.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON TO CHARLES
WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Grosvenor-Square.

ELIZA is returned; but pale and emaciated, and more like a beautiful ghost than a human being. She now sits beside me, her arm tenderly surrounds me, her drooping head reclines on my shoulder, and she faintly murmurs out ‘ Tell him I am better, and ‘ shall live to behold him once more, ‘ and blefs his goodness.’

Perhaps we shall both pay you a visit. I endeavour to forget the charming Comtesse, and Eliza now claims all my attention. Adieu.

G. HAMILTON.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

SWEET Eliza, lovely, but unfortunate maid ! I forget my own felicity in contemplating the severity of her fate. Hasten here, my friend, but come not without Eliza : our united efforts may perhaps at length extract the envenomed shaft that is aimed at her life ; for sorrow once imparted is half cured. The lovely Georgina will likewise whisper gentlest consolation, and soothe her every care : the manly beauty and elegance of the youthful Edward may engage her attention, and contribute to her recovery, by convinc-

ing her that the most distinguished graces our sex can boast are not confined to the object of her secret preference. But what have I said! Can the eye of Love discern perfection, except in the idol of its choice? Truth answers in the negative; every excellence seems to centre there, and the rest of the universe appears a blank.

Ah! my friend, how do the best of us deceive ourselves? When yet a stranger to life's busy scenes, when scarcely fifteen summers had passed over me, and in my native German woods, my soul attached herself to Isabella, chose her for my favourite companion, and made her the participator of all my joys and sorrows; unconscious of a higher bliss, I called it love: but time seldom fails to withdraw the veil from the face of truth and convict us of all our errors.

Farewell. A pensive sadness invades my heart; but assure Eliza that, amid
every

every change, I shall ever be tremblingly alive to the claims of friendship, and most impatiently expect her here.

C. WERSTEIN.

L E T T E R VIII.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON TO CHARLES
WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Grosvenor-Square.

I AM overwhelmed with affliction. Eliza is considerably worse: too ill to be removed; but expresses an ardent desire to see you once more. Oh! hasten, if possible, to alleviate the sorrow of

G. HAMILTON.

L E T T E R

LETTER IX.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

HEAVEN knows how sincerely I sympathize in your present distress. Eliza knows me too well to doubt my compliance with her request: console yourself, my friend, with the hope that all will yet be well; youth will, I trust, conquer the malady of the amiable sufferer; and duty, aided by an uncommon portion of native good sense, will teach her to subdue the pangs of extreme sensibility. I have bade adieu to the cottage, and shall set off for town by dawn of day tomorrow.

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER

LETTER X.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

I TOLD you I had bade adieu to the cottage, and had but just dispatched my letter when a card from Georgina, earnestly requesting to see me, filled me with surprise: the characters were scarcely legible: I trembled lest some disastrous event had befallen my amiable friends; and, summoning the messenger, my fears were realized by the sad information of Edward's having dislocated his arm by a fall. I instantly dispatched one of my servants for a skilful surgeon, and flew to impart every aid in my power. Edward was

seated on a couch when I entered, his head supported on the bosom of his afflicted sister, who wiped away the fast flowing tears, and strove to suppress her emotions. Paleness overspread his lately florid countenance, and his eye was expressive of the keenest anguish: the affecting sight robbed me of all my wonted presence of mind: I was utterly incapable of offering any consolation, but seated myself in silence beside them. Edward raised himself, looked at each of us alternately; and, assuming a placid smile, assured us the hurt he had received was much too trifling to admit of one moment's concern. I indulged this cheering hope, and called forth every argument it could suggest, to sooth the fears of Georgina. When the surgeon entered her emotions increased; and Edward repeatedly entreated her to retire while his arm was examined;—she made no reply, but firmly continued to sustain him in her arms

arms while the surgeon performed his office; and, instead of a dislocation, as Edward had declared, his hurt was found to be a compound fracture. The generous youth seemed to forget his own sufferings in contemplating those of his sister, who fainted in my arms the moment she became acquainted with his real situation, and I conveyed her into another apartment. As soon as she recovered she besought me to accompany her back to the chamber of her brother; nor could any entreaties prevail on her to quit his side, till, at dawn of day, overpowered by fatigue and pain, he fell into a profound sleep; and she is now retired to rest, while I supply her place; and, as I watch the agitated slumbers of Edward, employ the melancholy hours in transmitting to you these sad particulars; which occasion a double portion of regret, when I turn my thoughts toward Eliza; as common humanity (were there

no other claim) would inevitably detain me here until there is a favourable change at the cottage. But assure your amiable sister that she possesses a large portion of my tenderest solicitude; and that I ardently wish to convince her with what sincerity I am her and your

Affectionate friend,

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XI.

SIR GEORGE HAMILTON TO CHARLES
WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Grosvenor-Square.

YOUR last came fraught with disappointment, and proved a source of bitter regret. Eliza mourns, and talks incessantly of you and Caern-Wood. She
thinks

thinks its salutary air would contribute more toward her recovery than all the power of medicine : but, alas ! these are but the illusions of a distempered imagination : for who can

—— ‘ minister to a mind diseased ;

- Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
- Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
- And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
- Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous stuff
- Which weighs upon the heart.’

This I fear is the state of my much loved sister, and past all cure : but soothing indulgence may, perhaps, delay the threatened blow, if not avert it ; and our proposed visit to Caern-Wood diffuses a transient gleam of cheerfulness around us, and throws a ray of health and happiness over Eliza’s languid form. You and your amiable cottagers are her constant themes ;

themes; she mourns the misfortune of Edward, and anticipates the happiness of being known to the lovely Georgina. Though scarce able to move across her room, she speaks of our proposed journey with a satisfaction bordering on rapture, and it would be cruel to damp her joy by a participation of my fears.

Adieu. Dismiss every apprehension of my proving your rival; the loves and graces seem to have renounced me, and my whole attention is engrossed by Eliza.

G. HAMILTON.

LETTER

L E T T E R XII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO SIR GEORGE
HAMILTON.

Caern-Wood.

RESERVE your proposed visit, my friend, to some future period ; in this spot I should now be incapable of affording the consolation you require. An exile from Caern-Wood, I hasten to soothe your sorrows and impart my own : to blend my tears with those of Eliza, flowing perhaps from the same source, ill-requited love. Oh ! may my sufferings teach her to think more lightly of her own ; for the keenest arrows of tyrannic love are rooted in my heart.

I have been resident at the cottage
ever

ever since I wrote you last. Every moment increased the passion which Georgina had before inspired; and, in a moment of madness, I gave utterance to the language of my soul. Her expressive features evinced the astonishment excited by this declaration: she stood some minutes wrapt in silent wonder; a pitying tear then started from her eye; she averted her face, and uttered, in scarce articulate sounds, these words:—‘Adieu. I esteem, nay
 ‘revere your character; gladly would
 ‘I call you friend, but we must meet
 ‘no more.’

She was leaving the room: I caught hold of a part of her gown;—I fell involuntarily at her feet; my emotions almost deprived me of the power of speech, but I repeated, in an agony of passion, ‘Ah! adored Georgina, why
 ‘must we meet no more?’—‘Because,’ she replied, with an agitated air and
 empassioned

empaffioned tone of voice, ‘ fate makes
 ‘ it criminal in me to liften to an avowal
 ‘ of love.’—‘ But hear me,’ I cried,
 preffing her hand to my lips,—‘ I fwear
 ‘ I will no more offend ; ftill blefs me
 ‘ with your converfe ; banifh me not
 ‘ your loved fociety : this is all I afk.’
 She looked at me with fweeteft com-
 paffion beaming in her lovely eyes,
 then, looking up to heaven, fhe ex-
 claimed ‘ Ah ! what is it you afk ?
 ‘ indulgence to love the wife of ano-
 ‘ ther ! Duty, honour, juftice and
 ‘ prudence, command you to conquer
 ‘ this unfortunate attachment, or behold
 ‘ the object who has fo undefignedly
 ‘ excited it no more !’ and, rufhing out
 of the room, fhe left me in a ftate
 of diftraction. I infantly quitted the
 houfe ; wretchednefs began its reign in
 my heart, and engroffed thofe hours
 which nature had devoted to reft ; I
 quitted my pillow at day-break, and
 wrote

wrote a long letter to Georgina, to which I received the following answer:

‘ The sad assurance of having im-
 ‘ bittered the serenity of your days
 ‘ fills my mind with the most sensible
 ‘ regret. Why are our most innocent
 ‘ enjoyments generally productive of
 ‘ some melancholy consequence? In
 ‘ our solitude I looked up to the pos-
 ‘ session of your friendship as an inva-
 ‘ luable treasure, and my heart was
 ‘ daily lifted up with gratitude: we
 ‘ beheld your approach with pleasure;
 ‘ absence was tedious; and, when you
 ‘ quitted our cottage, the chief part
 ‘ of our happiness seemed to depart
 ‘ with you. Ah! my amiable friend,
 ‘ why have you destroyed all the pros-
 ‘ pects of tranquil felicity which your
 ‘ society afforded us? Why did you
 ‘ admit that destructive passion on
 ‘ which I shudder to reflect? Until it is
 ‘ extirpated from your bosom we must
 ‘ no

' no more converse. Think me not
 ' forgetful of all your generous good-
 ' ness: I shall remember it, gratefully
 ' remember it, as long as I exist. And
 ' the best proof I can give of my gra-
 ' tude, is by requesting you will now
 ' turn your thoughts and affections to-
 ' ward those friends in London, who
 ' were so much better entitled to them,
 ' and whose situation, at this juncture,
 ' calls for your utmost exertions. Ab-
 ' sence will, I doubt not, soon restore
 ' you to your former self, and we shall
 ' again experience those placid and
 ' exalted joys which marked the com-
 ' mencement of our friendship. To
 ' your generous attention I hold myself
 ' principally indebted for the restora-
 ' tion of my beloved brother: accept
 ' our grateful acknowledgments, best
 ' wishes, and sincere esteem; and, if
 ' you

‘ you value your peace, despise not the
‘ advice of

‘ GEORGINA.’

IN CONTINUATION.

I HAVE answered this letter; I have
promised implicit obedience to the will
of my lovely enslaver, and endeavour
to submit to my fate;—but I see a mes-
senger from the cottage, and fly to learn
his intelligence.

IN CONTINUATION.

A FEW lines from Georgina to this
effect :

‘ Your ready acquiescence with my
‘ advice adds tenfold to the obligations
‘ I before

‘ I before owed you : if you will send
 ‘ me your address in London, I will
 ‘ transmit to you a faithful narrative of
 ‘ the most remarkable events in my
 ‘ unfortunate life ; which will, I think,
 ‘ fully justify my present conduct in
 ‘ your opinion, and mark me out as
 ‘ rather an object of pity than admir-
 ‘ ation.’

Amiable condescension ! delightful
 proof of confidence and esteem ! Shall
 I then murmur ! forbid it Heaven ! I
 quit this spot with less reluctance, blessed
 with this assurance of Georgina’s friend-
 ship ; and, although fate forbids me to
 aspire to obtain her love, I may yet,
 perhaps, be happy ;—happy in her
 society, and favoured with her ap-
 proving smiles ; ought I to wish for
 more ? Adieu. My horses wait, and
 I hasten to you and Eliza.

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIII.

CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ. TO GEORGINA.

Grosvenor-Square.

IMPATIENT for the performance of my charming friend's promise, I venture to remind her of the painful anxiety which that impatience inflicts :— yet, most amiable of women, if the recollection of past events wound your heart, oh ! spare yourself the mournful task and me the sad participation.

The fair Eliza seems hovering on the brink of eternity : a few pangs more and the sting of mortal suffering will have done with her ; she will be released from this scene of painful vicissitudes, and be permitted to join her kindred angels. As a fellow sufferer

she is now doubly endeared to my heart: she is, I fear, the victim of a secret attachment,—and, oh!—but I forbear to offend. I remember my promise, and will henceforth faithfully observe it. The brother of Eliza, the companion of my early choice, the friend of my soul, is involved in the deepest affliction: he deplores with poignant anguish Eliza's apparently inevitable fate: and what heart of sensibility can fail to sympathize. But I borrow some faint consolation from the hope that this dreaded event, while it deprives society of one blessing, by the death of Eliza, will give it another in the reformation of her brother, whose many excellent qualities have long been rendered useless by an excess of fashionable levity: sorrow must necessarily introduce reflection, and reflection cannot fail to convict him of his glaring errors, as his understanding stands unrivalled

rivalled by any I know, and his heart glows with every virtue that can honour and exalt humanity, though now hid beneath a mass of absurdity and extravagance.

Adieu. Madam, your amiable brother claims his share of my best regards, and my thoughts hover perpetually around you both.

C. WERSTEIN.

LETTER XIV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

AFTER many a severe conflict with my own heart, I seize the pen with trembling hands, to comply with your request, or rather my voluntary offer.

But

But, alas! I find that my utmost exertions of fortitude are scarcely sufficient to support me under the recital of events that have diffused the bitterest anguish over my past days; and planted daggers in my heart, which I fear nought but death can remove. But enough of prelude: I have excited your curiosity; your generous attention to two unfortunate strangers, as we are, likewise merits every confidence and grateful acknowledgment in my power; and, while involuntary sighs burst from my heart, and sad momentos of the past deform my faded features, I hasten to the performance of my promise.

My father was the younger son of a noble family, by whom he was renounced for marrying a woman distinguished by an uncommon portion of personal and mental charms, but deficient in the more weighty points of

Vol. I.

D

birth

birth and fortune : she was the orphan of a country gentleman, exalted by his virtues, though not his rank ; and her fortune was too inconsiderable to be mentioned. Well assured of the inutility of soliciting the consent of his family to an union of this nature, my father used every precaution in his power to prevent their knowledge of it : but the tongue of rumour caught the tender tale ; he was superior to a falsehood—but ingenuously avowed what he had done, and his ruin was the immediate consequence. His enraged father declared him from that moment an alien to his blood, and banished him his presence for ever. Thus reduced, necessity compelled the adventurous pair to seek that fortune in a distant clime which love and parental severity had denied them in this ; and they very soon embarked for one of our settlements abroad. There my father obtained a lucrative appointment, and
found

found, in the refined delights of conjugal happiness, a balm for every calamity : there I first drew my breath ; and, as I have been told, greatly augmented the felicity of my parents ; but, alas ! it was of short duration. Some months ere my brother saw the light my reverend father fell a victim to the sultry ardours of the torrid zone, and left the tender partner of his heart a prey to the severest anguish. With him all hopes of a proper subsistence for herself and us vanished : but this latter circumstance was forgotten in the distraction of her sorrow for his loss ; and it was not until some weeks had elapsed that she became sensible of this heavy addition to her misfortunes. Collecting, therefore, the little my father died possessed of, we embarked for England as soon as my disconsolate parent was able to undertake the voyage ; I was at that time, near four years old, Edward only six months.

Our arrival in England is one of the first scenes that memory has impressed upon my infant mind: my mother immediately applied to our honourable relations: she petitioned fervently not for herself, but, to use her own expressive words, for her helpless and unoffending infants: but let me blush for human nature while my pen traces this disgraceful truth, her prayer was rejected with contempt; and those to whom God and nature taught us to look up for protection, regardless of the irremediable loss we had through their cruelty sustained, deaf to all the pleadings of justice and humanity, condemned us to share the fate of our unfortunate parents, and taste all the horrors of penury and unmerited disgrace. My mother's sufferings were but of short duration: all possibility of ever tasting happiness here was excluded, by the loss of her adored husband. In vain she strove to elude the fatal blow, but

it

it was too surely aimed.—Often have I heard her say, while her fine eyes, swimming in tears, were fixed tenderly on us, that the image of her Edward hovered perpetually around her and seemed to chide her delay. ‘But how,’ she would add, pressing us alternately to her heart, ‘how can I leave you ‘dear images of my chaste, my only ‘love? blest mementos of surely the ‘most fervent, pure, and exalted passion that ever informed the bosom of ‘mortality!’ But the final summons soon arrived; she struggled with the devouring flame some months, then fell in the bloom of youth and beauty, the victim of enthusiastic attachment! Yes, my friend, she clasped us both to her maternal bosom, and in that attitude breathed out her spotless soul to him who gave it. Adieu: the mournful scene presents itself so forcibly to my remembrance that I am compelled

to resign the pen to another opportunity.

GEORGINA.

LETTER XV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THUS nurtured in the very bosom of misfortune, sorrow became the early inmate of my soul. Nature bestowed on me a heart, alas! but too susceptible of tender impressions; fatal gift! How often have the miseries arising from it recalled to my memory the words of an admired writer, who assures us that, ‘ too much
‘ sensibility, too much tenderness, proves
‘ the bitterest curse, instead of the choic-
‘ est blessings: vexations and disappoint-
‘ ment

‘ment are its certain consequences.’
 Such at least it has proved to me.
 Ere I had reached that period of mortality, which the poet describes in these expressive words;

‘This is the age when human bliss stands still,

‘Enjoys the good, without the fear of ill.’

Sorrow claimed me for her own, and I bowed in meek submission to her despotic sway : yes, ere I had attained my seventh year poignant anguish took possession of my heart as I clasped my infant brother to my breast, and hung in speechless agony over the clay cold corpse of my mother. Her dying prayers re-echoed around us ; methought I saw a choir of angels soothing her last agonies, and wafting the acceptable sacrifice of maternal affection upward ; while her wavering spirit paid its last tribute, and dropt on us a pitying tear, ere it entered the confines of a blissful eternity.

An Indian woman whom my mother had brought from her native woods, and highly valued for her approved fidelity and marked attachment, sobbed and lamented over us: Edward wept likewise, without knowing why, and his tears were frequently interrupted by lisping inquiries, if poor mamma was asleep? Abba then pressed him affectionately to her faithful bosom, and her tears flowed afresh. I kissed his cheek, saying, with interrupted voice, ‘ No, ‘ no, we have not any mamma now, ‘ but Abba;’ and, throwing myself on the bed, I concealed my face in the cold bosom of my parent. A sudden sickness seized my heart: I faintly exclaimed, I was going to heaven to my dear mamma;—and became insensible. When I recovered, I found myself in another apartment in the arms of our affectionate Indian; whose joy at seeing me restored to her prayer, was not less extreme

extreme than the sorrow she felt for the loss we had sustained. ‘Do you again breathe, my sweet missy?’ she exclaimed, while her tears bedewed my cheek; ‘will you live to comfort and bless your poor slave?’ I made her no reply but by inquiring what she had done with my mamma, and struggled to get from her. She told me that the angels had taken my mamma quite away to heaven. I shed a torrent of tears: I said they were very cruel angels not to let us go with her: but I believed the assertion of Abba, and listened in silence to her consolatory arguments. My grief, though violent, was but of short duration: my mind was too tender to retain the impression which this melancholy event at first made; I soon regained my former vivacity: and the *sombre* traces which our misfortune made on my remembrance resembled that which is excited by

scenes of fabulous woe. But not for our faithful Abba, she was truly inconsolable, more for our sakes than her own; we had indeed, as I before declared to Edward, now no mamma, no friend, no protector, but her.

My mother had sunk a small sum of money, which she brought home with her for a yearly income, which had been our only support; and that depending on her own life was lost with her. Alas! had she believed her dissolution so near she would assuredly have acted otherwise. But her disorder was of that flattering nature which cheats its victim with false hopes, even to the last stage of existence. She always believed her death would be the inevitable consequence of that of my father; but never suspected its approach so near, until a few hours before she breathed her last: it was then inexpressible agony for the unprotected situation in which she was about to leave

us took possession of her mind. In vain she looked around her for assistance ; again she dispatched a special messenger to our inexorable relations, entreating them to accept her latest prayers, and receive under their protection her innocent unfortunates.—

That she was about to expiate, by her death, that fatal error which they had deemed so unpardonable ; but which she could only regret, as it had eventually deprived the world of a blessing, and herself of all her soul held dear, by compelling him to brave the dangers of that inauspicious clime which had consigned him to an early grave.

‘ Let then my death,’ said she, ‘ be the
 ‘ bond of peace between you and the
 ‘ helpless orphans of the man whose
 ‘ only fault was an unconquerable attachment for an object who always felt
 ‘ herself unworthy the exalted distinction
 ‘ of his love ;—and whose only claim to
 ‘ such a blessing was a heart devoted

' entirely to him, and full of tender-
 ' nefs and fidelity. My offence in dar-
 ' ing to aspire to an alliance so every
 ' way superior to my humble views, ap-
 ' pear to you unpardonable : but yet
 ' remember I am a fellow being ; and,
 ' ah! deny me not the blessing of expir-
 ' ing in peace. Receive my children
 ' to your protection ; speak comfort to
 ' my distracted soul, by the merciful
 ' assurance that my infants shall not
 ' want where to lay their heads, nor
 ' wander through this world of woe
 ' unfriended and unknown. Ah! shield
 ' them from those innumerable evils
 ' to which the defenceless are ever ex-
 ' posed : and may the prayers of a
 ' broken heart, and the mercies of a
 ' just God, follow all your steps !'

Here I pause—unwilling to add, that
 the cloudy messenger came drooping
 back without one gleam of comfort.
 But my mother was happily released
 from all her cares ere the unsucces-
 ful

ful deputy returned. Hope illumined her last moments; and the benevolence of her own heart assured her theirs could not resist the eloquent pleadings of natural affection and maternal anguish. Happy delusion! even at this moment I feel its efficacy. May every happiness await you, my amiable friend, sadness envelopes my heart; Edward affectionately chides my absence: I must no longer indulge the reflections that fill my mind, but try to bury their remembrance in his society; and when my mind has regained sufficient strength, its exertions shall again be devoted to you.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THAT true greatness of soul is confined neither to country, complexion, nor rank, is a truth that the fullest conviction has impressed on my mind. As a proof of this, figure to yourself the uncultivated Indian just emancipated from her native wilds, inspired by the divine flame of heaven-born gratitude, submitting to the most severe hardships, struggling with want, denying herself the necessary portions of food and rest, and devoting her days and nights to incessant toil, to obtain a subsistence for the orphans of that benefactress who had released her from the insupportable

portable horrors of slavery. You will, I am assured, unite with me in pronouncing the mind capable of such disinterested, such generous exertions, truly noble; and such was the mind of the grateful, affectionate, and faithful Abba. At this moment my tears flow in memory of her virtues, and my heart feels the most sensible regret when I remember that her extreme attachment to us certainly cost her her life. Four years were we sustained by the labours of this worthy woman, who, while she proved herself deserving the appellation of a second mother, never once failed in that respect to which she still considered us entitled, but paid us the same respectful duty as if we had been basking in the sunshine of prosperity. The superfluities of life, it is true, we were strangers to; but our kind protectress procured us by her indefatigable industry every comfort

fort and convenience. Unmindful of herself even to a fault, all her care, all her attention and happiness, was centered in us ; but the rigours of a severe winter, added to excessive labour, constant anxiety of mind on our account, and other innumerable difficulties she had to encounter, brought on a complication of disorders that, after a long and painful illness, deprived us of this truly valuable friend ; whose memory I shall ever revere. Edward and myself were the constant attendants on her sick couch. I attentively watched every turn of her disorder ; and Edward was become in some degree capable of sympathizing in my distress. Abba's thoughts were chiefly engrossed by sad reflections on the friendless state in which she was about to leave us : she daily shed over us the tear of affectionate compassion, and fervently besought the God of Eternal Mercy to

I

grant

grant us some earthly protector when she was no more. Her prayer was accepted. A few days ere she expired brought a stranger panting with haste to the door of our cottage. He was the dearest friend of my father, and once the unsuccessful lover of my mother; to efface whose image from his heart he abjured his native spot, and strove to forget the pangs of disappointment amid the pursuits of fortune. Vain attempt! Her loved idea still possessed his heart; and, hearing of my father's death and our destitute situation, having realized an elegant sufficiency, he hastened back to the dear haunts of youthful happiness to lay once more himself and fortune at the feet of the only woman he ever truly loved; and if not permitted to share her fate, at least endeavour to alleviate her misfortunes. But judge you who are intimately acquainted with every exalted
and

and refined passion that can actuate the human heart, what must have been the emotions of this worthy man when informed that the object of his fond regard was consigned to the silent grave? Sorrow too exquisite for utterance seized his heart; but his air, his countenance, his attitude, sufficiently expressed the anguish of his mind as he listened to the relation of all our sufferings. ‘These dear children,’ said Abba, weeping and folding us in her arms, ‘are all that remains of my late loved lady. She with her dying breath committed them to my care, and I have, I hope, discharged the sacred trust to the best of my power. But now,’—she paused.—‘Now,’ exclaimed the stranger, pressing us to his heart, ‘they are,—they must be mine! They shall be my children, my friends.—Blest images of the most lovely of women, I will live for
‘you;

' you ; and from your happiness en-
 ' deavour to extract a balm for my
 ' deeply wounded mind. Yes, I will
 ' cherish you dear as the vital stream
 ' that warms my heart ; and the spirit
 ' of your angelic mother may perhaps
 ' look down well pleased at this trivial
 ' proof of pure attachment, the only
 ' one I now can give.' Abba breathed
 a fervent ejaculation, and besought a
 blessing for our generous benefactor ;
 then, shedding a torrent of grateful
 tears, she pressed us alternately to her
 bosom, and bade us be happy. Every
 possible assistance was procured for this
 faithful woman ; but, ah ! it was too
 late ; she languished a few days ere she
 was released from the pains of morta-
 lity, and her last breath expired in a
 prayer for us.

After remaining a few weeks at the
 cottage, endeared by the remembrance
 of its once beloved owner, my la-
 mented

mented mother, our kind protector turned with reluctant steps from the sweet haunts of former joys (where embittered reflections attended his steps, and tender mementos of departed felicity for ever presented themselves to his eye, and claimed a tributary tear), and hastened with us to a noble seat which he had lately purchased, in a distant part of the kingdom. There he divided his time and attention between acts of beneficence to every suffering member of the community that came under his observation, and in administering the blessings of instruction to our expanding minds. In the practice of virtue, he hoped to forget the stings of disappointment and the small still voice of conscious rectitude whispered peace to all his sorrow, and by degrees diffused a sweet severity around him, perhaps, in some respects preferable to all the pageantry of prosperous

prosperous wishes; for some bitter alloy is surely blended with our best delights, and the attainment of what, when viewed at a distance, may constitute our *summum bonum* of human felicity, is frequently attended with disgust and satiety. On the contrary, the pleasures of philanthropy increase with possession, and extends our prospects of happiness far beyond the narrow limits of time and sense. Mr. Meredith (the name of our benefactor), seemed to look forward in ardent expectation of being united to those friends, once so dear to him, in those regions whence sin and sorrow is for ever excluded. This cheering hope taught him to support the load of life without repining, and discharge to the utmost the duties which he owed to society. To smooth the brow of care, and administer consolation to every species of affliction, was his daily task. I was the partaker
of

of his charitable labours, and shared with him the godlike privilege of doing good. How often, when seated beside some poor suffering fellow-mortal, has he pressed me to his affectionate bosom, called me dear image of my mother, and gently kissed off the tribute of sympathetic emotion from my cheek.

Thus time elapsed in the uninterrupted practice of every duty that the children of affluence owe to the victims of misfortune, and the enjoyment of every happiness that conscious rectitude can impart, until the declining health of our loved protector introduced sorrow and sadness, amid the lately smiling circle on whom his bounteous goodness was so liberally displayed. Edward, in whom an uncommon portion of ardour and sensibility, must be evident to every observer was at that time of an age perhaps more keenly susceptible of joy or sorrow in its

first attack than any other period of human existence ; he was just entered his fourteenth year, and mourned incessantly the altered looks and drooping spirits of our revered and tenderly beloved friend. How truly I sympathized on this sad occasion I cannot say ; but am well assured none could more sensibly feel the present evil, nor look forward with more emotion to the dreaded event to which it seemed to point.

Adieu. Edward adds his assurance of unalterable friendship to those of

GEORGINA.

L E T T E R

LETTER XVII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

THE illness of Mr. Meredith was of a nature that alternately admitted hope and fear ; but he seemed to forget his own sufferings in alleviating those of others : often have I seen his eye overflow with the tribute of pity when listening to a tale of woe, and sparkle with something more than mortal radiance on beholding a scene of felicity created by his own beneficence. Methinks I see him gaze enraptured on us, calling us the children and pride of his heart ; the only charm that detained him below and chained his thoughts

thoughts to earth; he constituted us his almoners, and we generally executed the plans he formed. ‘ By this means,’ he would often say, ‘ I shall give you ‘ a taste for the pleasures resulting from ‘ the practice of benevolence, that precious balm of mortality; which, while ‘ it renders you a blessing to your fellow beings, will create a little elysium in your own breast, and give you ‘ a foretaste of the joys of angels.’ Such were the generous labours of this excellent man: he beheld us grow up in health and honour; and, when he contemplated our daily improvements, an approving smile sat on his benignant brow; his heart glowed with delight over the structure his bounty had raised, and he returned thanks to heaven for having bestowed on him the power of rendering us happy.

It was during one of our accustomed evening rambles, as Edward and myself

turned down an unfrequented path from a cottage where we had been paying a charitable visit to an indigent family, who were among the number of our pensioners, we were met by the most striking manly form that imagination can pourtray, who, with a look and tone of voice expressive of deep distress, inquired of us the nearest way to the adjacent village : his manner, his air, dress, every thing, united to render him the most interesting object I had ever beheld ; and, after giving him the desired information, I inquired if any misfortune had occasioned his visible agitation. He regarded us both a moment in silence, then, clasping his hands together in an agony of sorrow, he told us, pointing to a small hovel embosomed amid a clump of alders, that there his parents lay expiring without one friendly hand to administer the smallest aid.—‘ And are you
‘ leaving

‘leaving them thus!’ exclaimed Edward. A torrent of tears rushed over the stranger’s cheek, and he faltered out ‘only to procure them assistance.’ ‘I will conduct you to a physician,’ said Edward with emotion, ‘who attends our family, and is a worthy benevolent man.’ The stranger’s eye spoke the feelings of his heart, though his tongue refused to express them: gratitude was blended with sorrow; his soul seemed to invoke a blessing for the obligation that Edward’s offer conferred: again he looked at me, and then at the cottage. I understood him they ran across the meadow together, and I turned with beating heart and agitated step towards the abode of his parents.

A female form, pale and emaciated, but distinguished by the most striking traits of beauty, was the first object that struck my attention. She was kneeling beside a small pallet bed that stood

in one corner of the room, her arms encircled round a lifeless form that lay extended on it, and her pallid cheek wet with tears, joined to his. I uttered an involuntary exclamation as I entered; she started wildly, then, springing on her feet, caught hold of my hands, and with a tone of voice and expression of countenance that penetrated every avenue of my soul, inquired if I was an angel sent from above to rescue her dear husband. I was utterly incapable of making any reply, but followed her in silence to the bedside.

A girl about twelve years of age sobbed on the bosom of her father: she raised her head at my approach; and, although her complexion was inflamed, and her features deformed by the traces of sorrow, I never beheld a more charming face; she appeared the exact image of what, her mother had been: and hearing the incoherent words which in the transports of grief had fallen from her

her lips at my entrance, she eagerly inquired if an angel was indeed come to restore her good pappa. 'Yes,' exclaimed the agitated fond parent, kissing my hand with a kind of rapture, 'she will, I know she will!' Then, after a pause—'See,' she added, observing a tear stealing over my cheek, 'she weeps in pity of our distress; and she will relieve it.' I looked steadfastly in her face, and methought frenzy glared in her eyes. She threw her arms suddenly around me, and her tears fell one by one on my bosom. I was inexpressibly alarmed; but the tears seemed to relieve the oppression of her heart, and her son entered with the Doctor and Edward.

The young man hastily approached us; and, clasping his mother in his arms, bade her be comforted. But as the words fell from his lips his eyes declined on the body of his father; and, fixing their penetrating regards

on the countenance of the Doctor, he read mournful presages; then turning toward me, he covered his forehead with his hands, and threw his fine dark eyes upward with an expression of unutterable anguish, mingled with a sense of resignation to the Divine will.

‘Is he then gone!’ exclaimed the distracted wife, ‘Is he, indeed gone! for ever;—and without me?’ The benevolent physician was incapable of replying. ‘Oh!’ she cried, shrieking with wildest despair, and throwing herself on the bosom of the corpse. ‘couldst thou not stay a little longer for thy poor Matilda; thy faithful, tender wife? We should then have died, as we have ever lived, united in the bonds of pure affection. But, alas! thou art gone, my love, my friend, my husband! gone! cold!—and, ah! what am I?’ she started up. A peasant girl entered with three lovely children: they ran and clung around their mother;
she

she gazed at them with a look of excessive tenderness blended with horror! she pointed to their father, then clasped them in her arms; and the tears they called forth brought back suspended reason.

‘Yes, my babes,’ she cried, ‘our loss is infinite and irremediable; you have now no father, nor your wretched mother a husband. No, yet I would live: I must, if possible, live for you.’—She could speak no more, but fainted in the arms of her son, and was conveyed into an adjoining room.

An apoplectic fit had thus suddenly carried off the father of this interesting family; whose many amiable qualities rendered him a blessing to society, and an ornament to human nature. They were nobly descended; but every thing around them was now expressive of humble fortune. As soon as the afflicted mother was restored to reason, we hastened home to relate our mournful

adventure to Mr. Meredith, leaving the distressed family under the care of our worthy physician.

Sorrow, pity, and approbation, were imprinted on the features of our kind benefactor as he listened to our sad narration: it was late, but he accompanied us back to the cottage, poured the sweet balm of tenderest consolation unto the wounded hearts of its inhabitants, and besought them to consider his house, his purse, and every service in his power their own. The afflicted mistress of this lone retreat blessed his goodness; but declared that while that spot held the remains of her lamented Ferdinand she could not think of any other abode.

In vain we united our persuasive powers to shake this resolution, she never quitted the clay cold form of him she so truly loved until she beheld it deposited in its last mansion.—Memory brings back that scene with
all

all its horrors to my fancy : I behold the mourning family furrounding the sad receptacle of him they revered and loved : his children's tears washes his hearse ; his wife hangs over the awful scene with all the solemnity of unutterable woe ; her eyes are rivetted on the coffin, her soul seems wavering on the brink of eternity : she stretches forward to take another look, a last farewell ; but the sod hides it for ever, and again she becomes insensible to every furrounding object. In that state was she conveyed to our habitation attended by the weeping family. I am too deeply affected to add more, but that I am ever

Your obliged and sincere friend,

GEORGINA.

L E T T E R X V I I I .

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

EVERY heart in our little community sympathized in the distresses of the amiable strangers : I passed through the church-yard the following morning ; a group of peasantry surrounded the new-made grave, spake of the scene they had solately witnessed there ; and, while they expressed the artless emotions of their honest hearts, a generous tear shone in each of their eyes ; I listened a moment to their affecting discourse, and stole by unperceived.

The peasant girl, whom I had seen the preceding day attending the children, met me at the door of the cottage, I eagerly inquired for her mistress.

mistress, 'Alas! I believe ma dam is
 'dead!' said the girl sobbing; 'dead!' I
 exclaimed, 'gracious powers!—dead!' and I
 darted into the house. The form of its
 mistress lay extended on the bed where I
 had so lately beheld that of its regretted
 partner: her eldest son and daughter hung
 over her with all the dumb eloquence of
 inexpressible grief; and her little ones
 were climbing up the bedside lisping out
 tender inquiries if their dear mamma was
 awake yet. Their brother took them in
 his arms, kissed them alternately, and
 attempted to speak, but his tongue refused
 its office: his lips trembled; and, raising
 his eyes with an expression of such touching
 sorrow as must have moved the heart of
 savage barbarity, he beheld me: then setting
 the children on the ground he kissed them
 again; and, starting from the bed, he caught
 hold of the skirt of my gown with one
 hand, and drawing me gently toward

him, pointed to the heart-piercing object before us with the other, repeating in a deep and hollow voice, which penetrated every avenue of my soul, and made me shudder with horror, ‘ Look there madam,—look ‘ there !’ I could neither speak nor find relief from tears, but my heart seemed bursting; and in that attitude we stood gazing at the sad scene around us, while the children prattled, and clung around the knees of their brother, until the entrance of my benefactor and Edward, conducted by the peasant girl, in some measure awakened me from my sad reverie. The girl raised herself from the bosom of her dead parent, and sobbed aloud as they approached:—her brother pressed my hand involuntarily to his heart, and stood as if rooted to the earth: his countenance was pallid, his eye wild, and all his features distorted. Mr. Meredith, with compassion and sorrow beaming

beaming in his eyes, looked attentively at the form of his mother, then at him, and then at me.

‘It is all over,’ exclaimed the stranger; ‘oh! it is all over!’ The girl echoed his words, and bathed the corpse with her tears: but the silent anguish of her brother was infinitely more affecting and dangerous. Convinced of this truth, Mr. Meredith endeavoured to soften him to tears, but without success: his well meant efforts served only to render his sorrow more exquisite. He then tried to prevail on him to quit a scene which could only add to their distress; but he replied, ‘No, generous exalted stranger; never, while yon pale form continues to’——he could add no more: but, sitting down beside his sister, she threw her arms around him and he, kissed off the tears that paced quickly over her lovely cheek. We were scarcely ever absent from the cottage
till

till we saw the remains of the mother of this distressed family laid in the bosom of her husband. The sad scene, with a description of which my last letter concluded, was then repeated with circumstances still more affecting. I do not think that in the neighbouring village, nor all the surrounding hamlets, there was a cheerful heart or a dry eye on that sad occasion. The cottage was soon deserted after this event: its afflicted inhabitants were prevailed on by the humane importunities of Mr. Meredith to become a part of his family, and from them we learnt the history of their parents, written by their father's hand; the narration of which I must defer to my next.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-wood.

CAPT. D'ALBANY, the father of the family described in my last, was the only son of a French nobleman, who was deprived of his estate and title for an imputed offence against the state: but who was in reality guiltless of the crimes alledged against him; and previous to this cruel misfortune, was universally acknowledged to be the brightest ornament of the age, and country in which he lived. Death soon followed his unmerited disgrace, and was welcomed as a beneficent liberator, who released him from an existence that was rendered insupportable. His son was at that
melancholy

melancholy period just nineteen years of age; and with justice esteemed one of the most accomplished chevalier's that ever graced the Gallic court.

He had but a short time ere the misfortunes of his father commenced formed an acquaintance with a young and gallant English officer: a similarity of mind and sentiment gave birth to their intimacy, which soon ripened into a very sincere and animated friendship. The attachment of the generous Britain was increased and cemented by the misfortunes of his friend: he besought him to quit the ungrateful country that had so unjustly deprived him of a valuable parent, hastened the death of an amiable and distinguished character; and, in return for having spilt his blood, and devoted his whole life to its service, consigned his name to infamy and his offspring to beggary, and accompany him to the happier shores of Albion.

The

The chevalier, after some conflict with himself, resolved to acquiesce with the importunity of his friend; and, changing his name to that of D'Albany, bade a mournful adieu to the object that nature and education had endeared to him, besought a blessing on his future days, and embarked with aching heart for England. The father of his friend had raised himself from obscurity by plodding talents, and indefatigable application, to a distinguished rank in the state. A character of this cast was not likely to be impressed with sentiments in favour of a reduced noblesse: he listened in silence to the encomiums which his son lavished on D'Albany, and although he received him into his family, he beheld him with a mixture of pity and contempt; and his kindness was evidently rather the result of ostentation than philanthropy. At the continual instances of his son, he however exerted his interest

terest in favour of D'Albany; and, after observing that he was a vain and idle young man, puffed up with the absurd distinction of a high descent, totally unqualified for any kind of business, and only fit to loiter about in a red coat with a sword by his side, he procured him the commission which he held at his death. But the youthful part of this family were not so insensible to the merits of the attractive stranger. Two lovely girls, the eldest eighteen, the other two years younger, received him as a second brother, and daily evinced the most flattering marks of increasing partiality for their amiable guest; whose heart glowed with gratitude for their kind attentions; and he often declared, that the affection he experienced for them could not be exceeded in purity and tenderness by the most lively fraternal love: happy had it proved for them if the attachment he excited

cited in their breasts had been equally dispassionate; but the whimsical deity of hearts decreed it otherwise: they sighed in secret, and Ferdinand D'Albany for ever employed their thoughts. His friendly attentions were so impartially divided between them that there was not any room for jealousy; and, while they secretly lamented his indifference, they likewise silently sympathized in each other's distress: each seeing the situation of her sister's mind, while she fondly believed that of her own undiscovered. Their mother having died when they were infants, her place had been some time supplied by the eldest, who united uncommon delicacy of person, with an understanding much above mediocrity, and a sensibility of heart and sweetness of temper that could not possibly be exceeded. The youngest was a very different character: she was a brunette, tall, and rather showy than elegant or beautiful;

tiful; inferior to Amelia in real endowments, but superior in those attractions that strike the multitude: her capacity rather quick than brilliant, lively in the excess, easily imposed upon, and ever a slave to the impulse of the moment: in short, her penchant for D'Albany arose rather from whim than sentiment, and was therefore unattended by danger. But the effect it produced on her sister was infinitely more serious; her health declined, her small portion of vivacity entirely vanished, her father beheld the alteration in her person and manners with concern, and in vain fought for the cause. Ferdinand suspected some tender impression, but his suspicions never once glanced toward himself. Experience had taught his friend more penetration, he saw and lamented secretly the truth. With Lucy he believed its effects would soon be conquered by the native levity of her spirit;

spirit; but he trembled as he turned his thoughts toward the more tender and susceptible Amelia; and proposed D'Albany's accompanying him on an excursion into the north of England; hoping that absence, aided by Amelia's exertions and native good-sense, might subdue the destructive flame which he beheld consuming her peace. But 'leave,' said he, as they mounted their horses; and Ferdinand kissing his hand, bade his young friends repeatedly adieu, 'leave, I beseech you, your fascinating powers behind you.' Adieu, I shall give you the continuance of this narrative in my next.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

ON the third day after D'Albany and his friend left London they stopped at the entrance of a deep grove near the borders of Westmoreland. Danvers seemed absorbed in reflection; and, after a long silence, interrupted only by a few involuntary sighs, 'How oft,' he exclaimed, looking in D'Albany's face, 'have I wandered in these romantic shades with the charming Matilda!' D'Albany had frequently heard him dwell with rapture on the name of Matilda: he knew it was the lady they were now going to visit, but he knew no more. Danvers

vers had in this one instance only been a miser of his happiness, and concealed his heart from his friend; but he now made him ample amends. ‘In this spot,’ said he, ‘I first breathed my fond vows to the most perfect of her sex; and here she blessed me with the rapturous assurance of rewarding my surely unequalled love and approved sincerity; and it is now that I go to claim the performance of that promise, and enter on happiness.’ Ferdinand congratulated his friend on these prospects of felicity; and, alighting, they gave their horses to a servant and walked through the wood, while Danvers related as follows:

THE HISTORY OF MATILDA.

‘In the heat of battle by the side of a gallant youth with whom she had united her fate, and disguised in a military uniform, I first beheld Matilda Clayton. She is the daughter
‘ of

' of a peer of this realm, and being
 ' sent to France to complete her edu-
 ' cation, she captivated the heart of the
 ' younger son of a very distinguished
 ' character in this kingdom, who was
 ' then on his travels :—the attachment
 ' was mutual; the lover hastened his re-
 ' turn, made proposals to Matilda's fa-
 ' ther, and was accepted as his future
 ' son-in-law with the most flattering
 ' marks of approbation ;—nor was his
 ' own less gratified by the alliance.
 ' Matilda was instantly acquainted
 ' with this event, and hastened her re-
 ' turn to England, while the charming
 ' image of Edmund Clayton took en-
 ' tire possession of her mind. The
 ' meeting of these amiable lovers was
 ' a scene of soft confusion and enrapt-
 ' tured love : Edward repeated his
 ' ardent vows ; Matilda blushed, listen-
 ' ed with delight to the pure effusion,
 ' and felt a generous pride in owning
 ' how deeply her heart was affected by
 his

' his merits and preference of her ; and
 ' declared him the guardian of her
 ' future days, the friend, the arbitrator
 ' of her future fate. Happiness now
 ' seemed to await them ; the blissful
 ' hour was fixed, and the intervening
 ' time entirely devoted to each other,
 ' when that dæmon, party spirit, dashed
 ' poison in their cup of joy. Their
 ' fathers were of opposite parties at a
 ' contested election : in the height of
 ' their zeal a dispute arose, which was
 ' carried to such unjustifiable extremes
 ' on both sides, that a deep rooted en-
 ' mity took place between them, and
 ' ended but with their lives.

' The attachment of their children
 ' was its first devoted victim, and the
 ' lovers were commanded to see each
 ' other no more. Distraction filled their
 ' minds ; but they too well knew it was
 ' in vain to expostulate ; and, in the
 ' dead of night (seeing no other means
 ' left to avoid impending wretchedness

' by uniting her fate with that of a
 ' nobleman, encouraged by the sanction
 ' of her father to aspire to the pos-
 ' session of a heart incapable of change),
 ' she quitted the parental roof, and flew
 ' for refuge into the arms of her faithful
 ' Clayton: they were instantly united
 ' in the chaste bonds of Hymen, and for
 ' ever renounced by their inexorable
 ' parents. But heaven smiled upon
 ' their faith; at least the husband of
 ' Matilda believed so when he pro-
 ' cured a command to serve next to
 ' the gallant Wolfe. Matilda at first,
 ' with all the force of female rhetoric,
 ' with prayers, with tears, and each
 ' prevailing argument that love like
 ' hers would inspire, opposed this dan-
 ' gerous enterprise; but the thirst of
 ' glory communicated itself from his
 ' prevailing tongue. ' It is only by
 ' gaining immortal fame and honour,'
 ' said he, fondly clasping her in his
 ' arms, ' that I can hope to prove my-
 ' self

‘ self worthy the blessing of Matilda’s
 ‘ love.’ She wept in his bosom,—
 ‘ then, inspired with the divine flame
 ‘ that filled his soul, she bade him go
 ‘ to conquest, nor should the fate of
 ‘ battles part her from his side. He
 ‘ stood amazed, and grieved as these
 ‘ words fell from her lips:—he asked
 ‘ an explanation, she repeated with
 ‘ firmness her resolution to share his
 ‘ fate, and attend him to the field. In
 ‘ vain he expostulated, no entreaties
 ‘ could prevail on Matilda to yield
 ‘ her point, or consent to his embark-
 ‘ ing on so hazardous an undertaking,
 ‘ unless she was permitted to attend
 ‘ and share the danger; after exhausting
 ‘ all his persuasive powers, with great
 ‘ reluctance he at length submitted,
 ‘ and she accompanied him in a military
 ‘ disguise. The martial ardour and
 ‘ distinguished excellence of this noble
 ‘ youth soon attracted the notice, and
 ‘ secured the esteem, of the General:

' they fought together, and together
 ' fell, crowned with laurels. Busy
 ' imagination brings back the dread-
 ' ful scene, with each affecting circum-
 ' stance; again I beheld the lovely,
 ' faithful Matilda, the bloody corpse
 ' circled within her snowy arms, while
 ' her eyes declined on the heart-rending
 ' scene, seemed to exclaim, ' alas, my
 ' "love, my life, my husband!" and
 ' brought to my remembrance those
 ' emphatical words of a celebrated
 ' poet, so well adapted to the sad oc-
 ' casion of her woe,

" My beautiful, my brave, how proud was I

" Of thee and of thy valour!"

' Wrapt in the sable vest of bitterest
 ' affliction she hung in silence over
 ' the lifeless form; nor uttered one com-
 ' plaint, nor dropt a single tear. I was
 ' next him in command, and had been
 ' honoured by his esteem and friend-
 ' ship;

' ship; but knew not the secret of
 ' Matilda's heroism until, in the first ef-
 ' fusions of sorrow, concealment was for-
 ' gotten, and the truth fell trembling
 ' from her lips. Astonishment, admi-
 ' ration, and tenderest compassion, filled
 ' my heart: I supported the charming
 ' mourner in my arms; I whispered
 ' consolation, but she heard me not.
 ' In vain I entreated that she would suf-
 ' fer me to conduct her from the scene of
 ' horror: she heard me not; her features
 ' were all fixed, and her soul excluded
 ' every thing but the mangled image
 ' of her Edmund. At length the de-
 ' licacy of her frame conquered the he-
 ' roism of her fidelity, and, in a state of
 ' insensibility, she was conveyed to my
 ' tent. By degrees I endeavoured to
 ' soothe her affliction, my efforts were
 ' long unattended with success; but
 ' time and a consciousness of duty
 ' taught her submission to the awards
 ' of Heaven; she became resigned to its

'almighty will; but a touching melan-
 'choly still dwells upon her mind,
 'which no time nor efforts will I fearever
 'conquer. I attended her to England,
 'but her misfortunes pleaded in vain,
 'with the resentment of her family:
 'that of her buried husband was equal-
 'ly inexorable. The pension arising
 'from the rank Clayton had held in the
 'army was therefore her only resource,
 '—and on that she lives in yonder
 'lone recess.'

As Colonel Danvers uttered these
 words he pointed to a small pile of
 building romantically situated between
 two rising hills; and D'Albany was too
 deeply affected by his narration to
 break silence. They entered a narrow
 path-way that led to the house; D'Al-
 bany strove to dispel the *sombre* traces
 which this sad tale had left upon the
 mind of his friend; he in some measure
 succeeded, and happiness again united
 itself with the image of Matilda.

'Time,'

' Time,' he continued, ' has, I hope,
 ' softened the sorrow of Matilda, though
 ' it cannot entirely conquer its effects.
 ' I have been her only visiter, and—Oh
 ' blessed distinction! her only comforter
 ' and friend. But while I laboured to
 ' extract the arrow from her heart,
 ' I felt another equally dangerous lodged
 ' in my own. In short, I found myself
 ' the slave of a passion I had hitherto
 ' derided; long I struggled with the in-
 ' bred tyrant, but at length was van-
 ' quished. Matilda observed the con-
 ' flicts of my mind, and often inquired
 ' the cause without success. I feared
 ' to offend, I shuddered at the thought
 ' of forfeiting the happiness which I
 ' enjoyed in her society; and should
 ' have been silent for ever, if chance
 ' had not revealed the secret I so care-
 ' fully cherished. Unknown to Matil-
 ' da, I had taken her miniature from
 ' the bosom of her dead husband; and,
 ' impelled by a tenderness for the love-

'ly original which thus early beamed
 'in my mind, I had worn it ever since
 'next my heart. Walking one even-
 'ing in the grove we have just quitted,
 'I dropt this dear resemblance on the
 'ground; the ribbon by which it had
 'been suspended broke, and Matilda
 'saw it fall from my bosom. A crim-
 'son glow instantly supplanted the pal-
 'lid hue which melancholy had spread
 'over her features: she stood as if root-
 'ed to the spot, and her eyes were ea-
 'gerly fixed on the well remembered
 'object: an interval of silence ensued;
 'I was overwhelmed with confusion,
 'and would at that moment gladly have
 'embraced any expedient to shield
 'me from her penetrating glances.

' At length, after a severe struggle,
 ' I assumed resolution enough to throw
 ' myself at her feet, and confess the
 ' truth: she seemed more abashed than
 ' surprised; and, turning from me with
 ' an expression of sorrow, blended with
 ' compassion,

' compassion, in her countenance, I
 ' arose, and we returned to the house
 ' without uttering a word. Embarrass-
 ' ment hovered around us the remainder
 ' of the evening: how unlike those
 ' delightful interchanges of mutual con-
 ' fidence that had hitherto marked our
 ' friendship! but I considered it the har-
 ' binger of more exalted happiness;
 ' nor were my hopes deceived. I
 ' knew that the soul of Matilda was
 ' formed for social enjoyments, that,
 ' like myself, her heart sighed for an
 ' acquaintance, a kind companion,
 ' and sincere friend, subject to the same
 ' emotions, affected by the same plea-
 ' sures: in short, that she wished, with-
 ' out being sensible of it, for the sacred
 ' union of a kindred mind, who would
 ' gently counsel, guide, and tenderly
 ' support her amid all the vicissitudes
 ' of fortune, and cheer her delicate spi-
 ' rit through every stage of mortality.
 ' I was likewise convinced, that, al-

' though perhaps less susceptible of the
 ' glowing ardours of love, she is still
 ' tremblingly alive to the placid yet
 ' exalted joys of friendship; and the
 ' event has justified this assurance.
 ' I love the charming Matilda with a
 ' fondness that cannot be exceeded.
 ' Again we walked in the grove, again
 ' I ventured on the tender theme; she
 ' seemed to listen each time with less
 ' reluctance. Four years had elapsed
 ' since the death of her adored Clayton;
 ' and, after some delay, she owned that
 ' although her best affections were bu-
 ' ried with him, if gratitude and ten-
 ' der esteem could supply their place
 ' and secure my happiness, she should
 ' feel no reluctance in giving me a more
 ' endearing title than that of friend.
 ' In vain should I attempt to delineate
 ' the bliss this declaration infused into
 ' my anxious mind; I clasped her
 ' passionately in my arms, and called
 ' myself the happiest of mortals. Well
 ' acquainted

acquainted with the ruling passion
 of my father, and assured that he had
 very different views for me, I dared
 not solicit his consent. I communi-
 cated this to Matilda; and, after innu-
 merable arguments on her part, and
 unceasing persuasions on mine, I
 prevailed; and the most charming
 of her sex generously consented to a
 private union. An affair of import-
 ance soon after called me abroad,
 Matilda requested that our nuptials
 might be deferred until my return;
 and I now hasten to claim the per-
 formance of that promise, the delight-
 ful earnest of future felicity. I have
 seen her twice before since my return
 from France; but the employment
 my father has given me has soon re-
 called me from the dear object of my
 best affection: I have now procured a
 longer leave of absence, and Matilda
 has consented to quit her romantic
 solitude and accompany me to the
 F 6 metropolis,

‘metropolis, where I hope we shall ex-
 ‘perience every happiness that can
 ‘attend a chaste and tender union; and
 ‘unite the advantages of society with
 ‘the pleasures of retirement.’

As Colonel Danvers concluded this narration, the solitude of Matilda caught the eye of D’Albany: the situation was truly delightful, and every thing around it bore marks of genuine taste and simple elegance. In a shrubbery behind it stood a small rustic temple, from which a female form suddenly issued; and, gracefully waving her hand, descended with rapidity, and flew to meet them, followed by a little smiling cherub about five years old. Danvers exclaimed, ‘It is Matilda!’ and in a moment he held her in his arms. ‘Welcome, ever welcome,’ she softly whispered, as he pressed her to his beating heart; then approaching D’Albany, she added, without waiting for a ceremonious introduction, ‘and this your
 ‘friend

‘ friend, with whom I am already acquainted by sympathy, is welcome likewise.’ The loveliness of her countenance, the graceful elegance of her form, and those irresistible yet nameless attractions that ever distinguished Matilda, had such an effect on D’Albany that he was utterly unable of replying to her enchanting ease and affability, but by a low bow; faint image of the worship which his heart at that moment paid her. He was struck, penetrated to the soul; and, taking the lovely child in his arms, he lavished on her the encomiums which his heart paid to her mother. Matilda again addressed herself to the enraptured Danvers; and, leaning on his arm with all the charming ease and freedom of confidence and esteem, they entered the house together, while D’Albany followed with her little daughter. Again D’Albany contemplated the most alluring object he had ever before seen, and
mentally

mentally pronounced her an assemblage of all possible perfection.

Matilda Clayton was certainly as finished a beauty as can possibly be imagined. She was of that height which unites grace and elegance with delicacy : nothing could exceed the nice proportion of her form, nor the exquisite symmetry of her features; her complexion was of the clearest brunette, transparent, soft and beautiful; her eyes were dark and exquisitely fine. Early misfortune which had faded the rose upon her cheek, had likewise robbed them of some of their native lustre, but left a languid softness in its place that rendered her infinitely more interesting than ere sorrow had touched her heart. Her hair was a bright auburn, simply dressed, and un sullied by powder : her whole appearance unstudied, yet sweetly elegant and expressive of the character of the wearer ; unaffected, artless, and enchanting. She was
scarcely

scarcely two-and-twenty years of age: her mind was distinguished by extraordinary natural gifts, cultivated by education, refined and softened by extreme sensibility, and taught that wisdom which can only be acquired in the rough of affliction. An early thirst for knowledge was one of the first traits in her character; ambitious to excel in whatever she attempted, she spared no labour to attain the eminence she aspired too; and for which nature had so amply qualified her. A brilliant genius, uncommon strength of memory, an exquisite taste, were united with indefatigable application; and, added to uncommon sweetness of temper, a heart susceptible of all that is generous and amiable; a judgment far above her years; vivacity tempered by delicacy, and wit softened by good-nature, rendered her once the pride and boast of her family, and the admiration of all who beheld her.

Such

Such was the woman that party-prejudice deprived of parental tenderness, and consigned in the early bloom of life to sad obscurity. But Matilda possessed a mind superior to the sting of adversity; and, instead of repining at her humble lot, she had made it subservient to the noblest purposes; she had devoted her solitary hours to the service of the muses, and blended amusement with utility. During her retirement she had written several poetic trifles, and some moral essays, which not only pleasingly employed the hours that had been otherwise devoted to sad recollections of the past, but, by their publication, proved highly advantageous, and supplied her with the means of gratifying the native benevolence of her mind; without which, she must have been a stranger to contentment; for the generous heart of Matilda melted at a tale of woe, and shared in the distresses of all
 around

around her. She was indeed the friend of human-kind: no partial distinctions marked her bounty; to be unfortunate was a sufficient claim on her beneficence. Frugality presided at her own board, that she might be enabled to dispense the blessings of liberality to that of others; the productions of her studies were wholly appropriated to this noble end; and she denied herself every superfluity that she might share her morsel with the hungry, and make the broken heart rejoice. Such was the portrait of the lovely Matilda; D'Albany contemplated her character with a kind of reverential awe; and, when he turned his thoughts toward the approaching happiness of his friend, he felt the sad assurance that the celestial guest had quitted his bosom; and, by uniting herself with the image of Matilda, had exalted herself far above his most sanguine hopes.

A day

A day was named for the union of Danvers and Matilda: D'Albany beheld its approach with increasing anguish; when the daughter of Matilda was seized with the small-pox, of the most dangerous sort, and immediate stop was put to the bridal preparations; Matilda and all the family were absorbed in affliction, and the life of the child despaired of. The sincerity of Danvers's attachment was strongly evinced by his attention to the little sufferer: day and night he watched her couch, and while he shared, endeavoured to soften the sorrows and fatigue of her amiable mother, and whisper consolation to maternal woe; unmindful that the baleful disease which had so cruelly broke in upon their peace, was equally formidable on another account. Danvers had never had the small-pox: death claimed the infant of Matilda, and the same day confined the worthy

Danvers

Danvers to his bed, from which he never more arose: totally dependant on his father, he had nought, save faithful love and heart-felt benedictions to bequeath his afflicted Matilda; but he died within her arms.

Ever interested by this narration, although with me its novelty has long ceased, I have swelled my letter almost to a volume; therefore must at present resign my pen, and defer the sequel of Matilda's story to another time. Edward perpetually dwells upon your name, and unites his assurances of esteem with those of

GEORGINA.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXI.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, .ESQ.

Caern-Wood.

SEQUEL OF MATILDA'S HISTORY.

' The poignant sorrow of Matilda
 ' was long proof against every conso-
 ' latory argument, nor was D'Albany
 ' at all qualified to obtrude it upon her:
 ' the grief he experienced for the
 ' loss of the amiable Danvers was not
 ' less severe than her's. But when we
 ' reflect on what a fond mother must
 ' feel on being deprived of a beauteous
 ' infant, displaying each new day some
 ' sweet attraction, some endearing
 ' charm, the only solace of her lonely
 ' hours, the darling of her heart, the
 ' pledge of her virgin love, and the
 softened

' softened image of him whose dear
 ' remembrance still lived in her soul,
 ' it must be allowed that Matilda's
 ' cause for grief could scarcely admit
 ' of an increase. Incessantly she la-
 ' mented the irreparable loss; and, in
 ' the first moments of her distraction,
 ' she frequently accused herself of
 ' having deprived the world of two of
 ' the most amiable of mankind; in-
 ' timating that the death both of Clay-
 ' ton and Danvers originated from
 ' their fatal attachment to her. ' For
 ' " my Edmund," she would say,
 ' " would have lived in peace and
 ' " honour had he never known me;
 ' " and Danvers have escaped that fatal
 ' " disease, but for his blind preference
 ' " of so wretched an unfortunate.'

' Thus would Matilda waste the
 ' sad and tedious hours in fruitless
 ' accusations of herself: but again,
 ' she found a kind consoler in the
 ' gentle D'Albany. From his lips
 ' she

' the imbibed the dictates of truth and
 ' piety; and became by degrees
 ' more resigned to her misfortunes.
 ' As soon as D'Albany could prevail
 ' on himself to quit the charming
 ' mourner, he hastened to London to
 ' break the sad news to the family of
 ' Danvers. Amelia and Lucy were
 ' inconsolable: the heart of their
 ' father severely felt the blow; but,
 ' when his first emotions had subsided,
 ' he roughly interrogated D'Albany
 ' what business his son had in the
 ' north of England? declared he knew
 ' of none. He ought to have supposed
 ' it was some idle ramble into which
 ' his partial distinction of so vain a
 ' young man as D'Albany had drawn
 ' him: peremptorily insisted it could
 ' be nothing else, and gave him to
 ' understand that his presence would
 ' be no longer welcome there. The
 ' pride and sensibility of D'Albany
 ' was deeply wounded; he would

' have defended himself against this
 ' cruel and unjust accusation ; but, con-
 ' scious of his native warmth of temper,
 ' he prudently restrained himself ; and
 ' the gratitude and lively esteem he
 ' bore to the memory of his friend
 ' ensured respect and submission even
 ' to the injustice of the father. In
 ' vain the mild Amelia pleaded and
 ' wept ; —in vain Lucy exclaimed with
 ' vehemence, it is only liberal minds
 ' that are softened by gentleness ; and,
 ' such was not the description of Sir
 ' Thomas Danvers. The mildness of
 ' D'Albany served but to incense him
 ' the more, and draw fresh insults upon
 ' him. Deaf to every persuasion but
 ' that of interest, his fury and aversion
 ' to his amiable guest increased in
 ' proportion to the emotions of his
 ' daughters. He bade him go, nor
 ' seek farther to disturb the peace of
 ' his family ; D'Albany obeyed ; and,
 ' tenderly bidding the sisters of his friend
 ' adieu

' adieu, he quitted their inhospitable
 ' father and his abode for ever. Again
 ' his thoughts returned to Matilda; he
 ' remembered his promise of soon see-
 ' ing her again, nor did he long delay
 ' its performance; but he forebore to
 ' wound her generous heart by relating
 ' the unkindness he had experienced
 ' from the father of Danvers.

' Reason and religion had in some
 ' degree dispelled the gloom that en-
 ' veloped Matilda's mind at his depar-
 ' ture; he fixed his residence in a town
 ' near her retirement, and they passed
 ' the chief part of their time together.
 ' His person, his talents, and his ac-
 ' quirements, were infinitely superior to
 ' what those of Danvers had been;
 ' even Matilda's heart acknowledged
 ' they were equal to those of her ever-
 ' regretted Clayton; but her soul was
 ' dead to love. D'Albany's had im-
 ' bibed the fatal poison too deeply to
 ' admit of reason's cure: the malady

' increased with time, and prayed upon
 ' his peace : his health and spirits were
 ' its first victims ; and, after a struggle
 ' of near two years (determined from
 ' the unfortunate state of his circum-
 ' stances, to bury his sufferings in
 ' oblivion), the secret flame threatened
 ' his life, and he besought Heaven to
 ' release him from a state which was
 ' become insupportable. Matilda was
 ' too well versed in the knowledge
 ' of the human heart to be long igno-
 ' rant of the nature of D'Albany's
 ' disorder. She beheld with deep
 ' concern a man distinguished by every
 ' amiable and exalted qualification that
 ' can adorn and bless society, and for
 ' whom she entertained the highest
 ' friendship and esteem, falling in the
 ' pride of life the martyr of an in-
 ' voluntary and unconquerable at-
 ' tachment. ' Oh ! inexorable love !'
 ' would she often mentally exclaim,
 ' " is there no end of thy rigours !

‘ ‘ must the brave, the wise, the virtu-
 ‘ ‘ ous, be marked out for thy prey? is
 ‘ ‘ there no degree of human excellence
 ‘ ‘ exempt from thy tyrannic power?
 ‘ ‘ Ah, righteous power! avert the mis-
 ‘ ‘ fortune that now threatens me, and
 ‘ ‘ preserve the life of D’Albany!’

‘ Such was the unceasing prayer of
 ‘ Matilda: but D’Albany declined
 ‘ fast, his malady baffled the power of
 ‘ medicine; and, after languishing a
 ‘ considerable time, his death appeared
 ‘ inevitable. Matilda was his constant
 ‘ attendant; the pitying tear bedewed
 ‘ her cheek, and the consolatory effu-
 ‘ sion hung trembling on her lips.
 ‘ Despair was suspended for a moment;
 ‘ and a ray of hope illumined the
 ‘ drooping spirit of D’Albany, as he
 ‘ one day witnessed her emotions. And
 ‘ when she told him that she feared
 ‘ his illness originated from a malady
 ‘ of the mind, he eagerly pressed her
 ‘ hand to his trembling heart, pathe-
 ‘ tically

'tically exclaiming, 'Ah! yes, from a
 'malady that renders my existence a
 'burthen too heavy to support! would
 'then my lovely, my compassionate
 'friend, wish me to groan beneath
 'this load of life, and exist only to
 'be wretched?' Matilda paused—then
 'looking at him, while softest pity
 'beamed in her charming eyes,—
 'No,' she replied; 'but happiness may
 'yet await you:—ah! why should you
 'despair?' She blushed and trembled.
 '—D'Albany still continued to hold
 'her hand; he now pressed it to his
 'lips; she blushed still deeper, and
 'gently withdrew it. They were
 'dumb for some minutes; then, 'hap-
 'piness,—and why should I despair!'—
 'repeated D'Albany in an empas-
 'sioned tone, 'because the soul of Matilda
 'is wedded to the grave.' Matilda
 'sighed deeply,——'But friendship,
 'D'Albany,' she replied, 'is not that
 'a blessing?'—'Yes!' he exclaimed

' with emotion, ' the friendship of
 ' ' Matilda is inestimable ! yet, may I
 ' ' hope for pardon when I confess that
 ' ' my ambitious soul has dared aspire to
 ' ' more !' Matilda declined her eyes
 ' on the ground, and was silent. ' Can
 ' ' you pardon my presumption ?' fal-
 ' tered out D'Albany. Matilda was
 ' incapable of replying ; but she suffer-
 ' ed him to regain the possession of her
 ' hand. ' Perhaps,' continued D'Al-
 ' bany, (a little reassured by Matilda's
 ' condescension) ' you have ere now
 ' ' traced the secret of my heart ;—I
 ' ' am indeed a stranger to dissimulation,
 ' ' nor can my utmost efforts conquer
 ' ' my first, my only everlasting love !—
 ' ' Gladly Matilda would I live to be-
 ' ' hold your perfections, and be blest
 ' ' with your society ; but I find that
 ' ' life must be purchased with superior
 ' ' blessings ;—blessings, alas ! that soar
 ' ' far above my hopes. Ah ! it is im-
 ' ' possible ! I look upward and you
 ' ' seem

‘ ‘ seem to vanish from my sight. Can
 ‘ ‘ perfect felicity dwell on earth? and
 ‘ ‘ would not that be my lot, if pos-
 ‘ ‘ sessed of Matilda?’ ‘ You exhaust
 ‘ ‘ yourself, D’Albany,’ she mildly re-
 ‘ ‘ plied; ‘ but hear me, and trust to the
 ‘ ‘ sincerity of her with whom love is no
 ‘ ‘ more. Happiness such as my glow-
 ‘ ‘ ing fancy once painted, such as I tasted
 ‘ ‘ with the husband of my choice is va-
 ‘ ‘ nished from me for ever: it was alas!
 ‘ ‘ blasted in its bud; it expired with
 ‘ ‘ Clayton, and with him lies buried.
 ‘ ‘ But there are more tranquil delights,
 ‘ ‘ perhaps more pleasing in the sight of
 ‘ ‘ heaven, more conducive to the pur-
 ‘ ‘ suits of active virtue, and more conso-
 ‘ ‘ nant to our uncertain state here, than
 ‘ ‘ this excessive ardour; a tender esteem,
 ‘ ‘ a lively gratitude, a sincere friend-
 ‘ ‘ ship; of these my heart is still sus-
 ‘ ‘ ceptible: these I experienced for
 ‘ ‘ our regretted Danvers; these I like-
 ‘ ‘ wise experience for you. He lavished
 G 3 ‘ ‘ on

‘ ‘ on me an excess of enthusiastic fond-
 ‘ ‘ ness. I saw with real concern that he
 ‘ ‘ beheld no other object in the universe;
 ‘ ‘ that his soul was attached to me by
 ‘ ‘ those fine cords which only death can
 ‘ ‘ break. I knew all this long ere
 ‘ ‘ chance obliged him to reveal what he
 ‘ ‘ believed till then an impenetrable
 ‘ ‘ secret. At first I hesitated; the image
 ‘ ‘ of my buried husband presented it-
 ‘ ‘ self to my tortured imagination, and
 ‘ ‘ my heart pronounced a negative;
 ‘ ‘ but reflection argued otherwise. I
 ‘ ‘ had determined to live for others, to
 ‘ ‘ study the happiness of all around me,
 ‘ ‘ and thereby again endeavour to rea-
 ‘ ‘ lize a little stock for myself, which
 ‘ ‘ neither time nor misfortune could de-
 ‘ ‘ stroy; and should I now resolve to
 ‘ ‘ consign an amiable man to misery,
 ‘ ‘ and perhaps death, only to indulge
 ‘ ‘ the caprices of a devoted heart? The
 ‘ ‘ generous spirit of my Clayton would
 ‘ ‘ not, I am assured, have been at all
 ‘ ‘ gratified

“ gratified by a conduct so repugnant
 “ to his noble sentiments could he have
 “ witnessed it. I had greatly approved of
 “ Danvers; and by the confidence I had
 “ placed in him, strongly evinced that
 “ approbation, and unguardedly opened
 “ the way to what had ensued. I called
 “ myself imprudent, but my imprudence
 “ surely admitted of an apology. Cru-
 “ elly deserted by all the world, my
 “ sorrows gladly accepted an asylum
 “ in the faithful bosom of friendship:
 “ and what was it that Danvers as-
 “ pired to? only to render that asylum
 “ more secure, and confirm his own hap-
 “ piness by endeavouring to restore
 “ mine. Duty, not inclination, there-
 “ fore, guided my decision; and friend-
 “ ship and gratitude would, I trust, have
 “ ensured a reward. I knew the dis-
 “ position of my heart, and relied upon
 “ it; my sentiments toward you are
 “ exactly similar. Love is a confined
 “ passion, the human heart in my opi-

' ' nion can experience it but once ; but
 ' ' friendship is more diffusive, like Hea-
 ' ' ven, is liberal of its blessings, and de-
 ' ' lights to render the virtuous happy !'
 ' ' Incomparable Matilda !' exclaimed
 ' D'Albany, ' I cannot ask more ! bless-
 ' ' ed and overpowered by such excess
 ' ' of goodness, I can only revere and be-
 ' ' silent.' Matilda departed ; long es-
 ' tranged happiness resumed her seat
 ' in D'Albany's mind, and health soon
 ' followed her return. A few months
 ' glided swiftly by: the prospect of ap-
 ' proaching bliss made it appear short to
 ' D'Albany, and the generous heart of
 ' Matilda partook of the felicity she had
 ' created. She dropt a few tears to the
 ' ever loved memory of Clayton, and
 ' gave her hand to the enraptured D'Al-
 ' bany ; and her happiness, though less
 ' animated than his, proved equally sin-
 ' cere.

' In the solitude where Matilda had
 ' experienced such vicissitudes they con-
 ' tinued

'tinued seven years after their marriage,
 'when the rapid increase of their fami-
 'ly proved an increase of care. Their
 'narrow income was insufficient for their
 'support, charity was deprived of its
 'tribute, and Matilda with reluctance
 'proposed to quit their sweet abode,
 'and endeavour to avail herself more
 'materially of the talents she had re-
 'ceived from nature, by mixing in the
 'busy scenes of life. D'Albany acqui-
 'esced with equal reluctance, as she
 'made the proposal; and, after many
 'conflicts, they bade adieu to the ro-
 'mantic scenes, so greatly endeared to
 'them, while the neighbouring cottagers
 'flocked around, deplored the loss they
 'were about to sustain, invoked the be-
 'nediction of Heaven to reward their
 'past goodness, and protect the future
 'days of them and their offspring; and
 'followed them with tears to the limits
 'of the parish. On their arrival in

' London D'Albany hired a small house,
 ' and waited on the manager of one of
 ' the theatres with a dramatic piece
 ' that Matilda had written : but it was
 ' returned at the end of six months, with
 ' a laconic card allowing it merit as a
 ' composition, but totally unfit for the
 ' stage representation. Inspired by the
 ' necessities of her family Matilda made
 ' another effort, but was equally unsuc-
 ' cessful as before. Bidding adieu to
 ' the drama she therefore confined her-
 ' self to a less popular but more certain
 ' track; and by indefatigable application
 ' she added every year something con-
 ' siderable to their humble income: and
 ' was thereby enabled to procure for her
 ' family those little elegancies and ad-
 ' vantages of which they must otherwise
 ' have been deprived; nor was the
 ' claims of the unfortunate forgotten in
 ' the distribution of her little store. D'Al-
 ' bany was likewise a diligent assistant
 ' of her virtuous exertions; their children

' were educated under their immediate
 ' inspection : he trained the boys him-
 ' self, and endeavoured to elevate the
 ' minds of the girls above the com-
 ' mon tract of female education, and
 ' impress them with a dignity of cha-
 ' racter as consistent with the delicacy
 ' and softness of their sex as it is repug-
 ' nant to that frivolity sometimes blended
 ' with modern instruction. He was lau-
 ' dably ambitious to render them not on-
 ' ly the ornaments, but useful members
 ' of society :—and instead of sacrificing
 ' the virtues to the graces, he possessed
 ' the happy art of uniting them together,
 ' and making them promote each others
 ' interest as the only way to secure their
 ' own. He likewise assisted more imme-
 ' diately the labours of Matilda : cor-
 ' rected all the productions of her fertile
 ' pen, improved their beauties, checked
 ' the flights of a sometimes too luxuri-
 ' ant fancy, and pruned those redundan-
 ' cies which are too often attendant on

the most exalted genius; and which,
 while they escape the attention of the
 writer, frequently strike that of the
 most common observer. But the un-
 wearied industry of Matilda at length
 undermined her health: the loss of se-
 veral promising children completed
 what too intense an application had be-
 gun, and a lingering consumption was
 the sad consequence. Her physician
 advised the pure air of southern France,
 but D'Albany in vain employed all
 his persuasive powers to obtain her ac-
 quiescence. The expense of such a
 journey she well knew must eventually
 be the means of distressing her family;
 and urged by a misguided fondness,
 she peremptorily declared she would
 not purchase health at so dear a rate
 as that of impoverishing her family:
 The mild air of the county in which
 we resided was then advised as a sub-
 stitute; and the salutary springs with
 which it abounds was an additional
 recom-

‘ recommendation. D’Albany hired
 ‘ the cottage where I first beheld them,
 ‘ and where they had been only one
 ‘ week when he was arrested by the
 ‘ sudden stroke of death, as already
 ‘ related ; which hastened that of his
 ‘ amiable wife, and produced the fatal
 ‘ conclusion before delineated.’

I have abridged this narrative from
 the manuscript of D’Albany, which
 was found among his papers; and as
 the fate of that family is closely con-
 nected with my own, it will not I ima-
 gine be unacceptable to you.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

AT the importunity of Mr. Meredith the orphans of Captain D'Albany were prevailed on to become a part of his family: and proved a valuable acquisition to our little society; they shared with Edward and myself the generous attentions of our worthy protector, and their amiable manners claimed our tenderest regard.

It is not possible to pourtray a form and face more strikingly captivating, or a mind more noble and enlightened, than Heaven had bestowed on Lionel D'Albany; nor were his manners less distin-

distinguished by each alluring grace than his form. The soft seducing smile adorned his manly cheek, the penetrating glance shot from his radiant eyes, and eloquently expressed the language of his soul; while more than heavenly harmony fell from his tongue. His air was noble and full of indignity, yet tempered by the most engaging softness; and all the virtues and graces of his parents shone around him. Matilda, his eldest sister, was lovely in her person, amiable in her disposition, and attractive in her manners: the younger ones were likewise beautiful, and their expanding minds promised a no less perfect maturity. Our little society were united in the strongest bonds of friendship; and, but for the indisposition of our worthy benefactor, it is not possible to imagine a more happy family. A similitude of age, disposition, taste, and manners attached me to the society of Lionel D'Albany.

I exerted

I exerted my utmost skill to alleviate the dejection which the loss of his revered parents and the destitute situation in which their family was left, had impressed upon his mind; nor were my efforts entirely ineffectual: he listened attentively to the voice of reason, and by degrees became resigned to the distressful event. The almost miraculous protection which they had experienced from Mr. Meredith, and the increasing attachment which he evinced for his amiable young friends, contributed to efface the impressions of sorrow from the mind of Lionel; and each new day discovered in the charming youth some before unnoticed excellence. He was the constant companion of my solitary rambles, the inspirer of my cheerful moments, the sharer and improver of my studies; and the soft still voice that whispered wisdom's dictates to my attentive mind,

and taught me to distinguish moral excellence. Encouraged by him, I became inspired with an ambition to attain the summit of excellence, to which I had been till then a stranger; and in his approving smile my indefatigable labours found an abundant reward. My kind benefactor was surprised and delighted at my rapid improvements: his praises dwelt for ever on the rapid progress I made in every polite science — he congratulated me on having conquered a native indolence which he had often warned me to guard against; and ascribed to a native superiority of mental powers what was only the effects of a tender preference. It was Lionel D'Albany that tuned my soul to harmony, taught me the seraphs music, gave beauty and ease to every accomplishment, and united pleasure with application: together we sung the softest airs, touched the
trembling

trembling string, explored the historic page, admired the wonders and wisdom of providence, and the beauties of nature;—truth and innocence guided our actions, friendship and honour sanctified our thoughts, sentiment and taste prepared for our minds, a banquet that admitted no satiety. But, alas! these scenes are now no more; their duration was short, and the halcyon days have been succeeded by woes which will for ever agonize my heart, and have mingled fatal poisons in my cup of life.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

CHEERFULNESS marked the commencement of my friendship with Lionel D'Albany, and sportive felicity revelled in our hearts. But a pensive habit soon succeeded to those of unim-bittered delight; we became thoughtful, and reserved, avoided all society but that of each other; sought the most retired walks, sung and played the most plaintive airs, and confined our reading to tales of tender wo, which while they soothed the malady of our minds, served to strengthen and confirm it. Mr. Meredith failed not to observe the alteration in our manners ;
and

and attributing mine to a too retired mode of life, and that of D'Albany to the extreme sensibility of his nature, and those unpleasant sensations which in a delicate mind are ever annexed to a dependant situation, he proposed to him to do as he had done, and trace fortune's footsteps on the shores of Hindostan. D'Albany acceded to the proposal; and while gratitude poured out its tribute to our benefactor tenderness declined his eye on me, and the anguish of his soul spoke but too forcibly to mine. A considerable sum of money was advanced to prepare D'Albany for his undertaking; and with the brightest prospects (as far as interest, powerful recommendations, and transcendent merit could ensure them) he embarked in the next fleet: and Mr. Meredith faithfully promised to love and protect his brothers and sisters as if they were his own.

The

The departure of the amiable Lionel occasioned a scene of general distress at Meredith-place; the philanthropic owner mourned the loss of a friend and pleasing companion; and it was only a strict sense of duty could reconcile him to the loss. The soul of the tender Matilda was deeply penetrated, and Edward participated in all her emotions. The little ones hung around their beloved brother and wept, the domestics blessed him with energy; but language is insufficient to paint the tortures that agonised my bosom. Ashamed of my emotions, because they had never been authorised by any avowal on the part of him who occasioned them, I exerted all my strength of mind to suppress their effects: but they prayed upon my heart. And while my eyes alone were unmoistened, when Lionel bade us adieu, and folding me in his arms, tenderly faltered out, 'May every blessing

' blessing await my lovely friend—my
 ' sister, my Georgina; and may bounte-
 ' ous Heaven permit that we meet in
 ' happiness once more ;' a chilly tremor
 seized my vital powers, my lips refused
 their office, imaginary forms floated be-
 fore my eyes; and when the carriage
 conveyed him from us, methought the
 pangs of death were past; and, unable
 longer to sustain the conflict of mind,
 I sunk into insensibility. A languid
 habit now took entire possession of
 my mind: to lavish the effects of my
 fond attachment on those lovely
 children that perpetually reminded me
 of my loss, to improve their opening
 minds, and correct their little errors, was
 my darling employment. Sometimes,
 indeed, I indulged in all the luxury
 of tender recollections, by tracing his
 footsteps amid the solitary haunts where
 we had been accustomed to ramble
 together, in contemplating the objects
 which he had pointed out as most worthy
 my

my attention, or inperusing the author to whom he had been most partial. But these indulgencies only augmented my sufferings; peace was a stranger to my bosom; my native bloom faded, my vivacity entirely forsook me, and the alteration in my person and manners became too perceptible to escape observation. Still unsuspecting of the real cause, Mr. Meredith beheld my declining health and drooping spirits with the tenderest concern; and hoping that a change of scene, novelty of manners, and mode of life, might, by interesting and amusing my mind, prove beneficial; he proposed my accompanying him on a visit to his only brother, who, with his family, was lately returned from the West-Indies, where he had amassed considerable wealth, and then resided in great splendour in the metropolis. I sighed for the unmolested indulgence of my sadness; but the opportunity

portunity of Mr. Meredith conquered my reluctance, I acquiesced; and bidding a tender adieu to the sweet mementos of Lionel D'Albany, now more than ever endeared to my heart; and my dear brother, from whom I had never before been one day separated, we quitted the solitary but delightful shades of Meredith-Place. The description of our journey, and arrival in the capital, I reserve for my next.

• GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

Soon after our departure from Meredith-place we met with an adventure which I shall relate, as I think it calculated to interest a mind so susceptible of all the finer emotions as yours is.

It was one of those calm and delightful evenings in the month of September which inspires the soul with serenity, and hushes each tumultuous care to rest; the day was just closed, and, by the pale light of an unclouded moon from the summit of a romantic wood-crowned precipice, we had just

VOL. I.

H

gained

gained sight of a small town, where Mr. Meredith purposed we should lodge. The bird of night chaunted her melodious lay in a neighbouring grove, a stream of water murmured gently by; wrapt in contemplation I surveyed the scene, and the image of Lionel D'Albany stole upon my mind: I remembered how oft we had consecrated such touching scenes to each other; I remembered likewise that the moments of delight were vanished and involuntary tears paced slowly over my cheeks. The mind of Mr. Meredith seemed affected in a similar manner: he spoke of my mother; he dwelt on her praises with emotion, repeated with energy his parental tenderness for us, and then expressed his friendship, his extreme approbation and solicitude for the welfare of Lionel D'Albany. It was a subject I could at that moment ill bear, and with the utmost difficulty could I conceal the struggles

gles of my heart. We were descending slowly into the valley, when the sky became suddenly overclouded, a soft and silent shower watered the earth ; the gentle noise it made among the trees was such as had ever affected the mind of Lionel. It brought to my memory the reflections it had frequently excited in him ; and busy imagination carried me I know not whither. Deeply penetrated, and forgetful of all around me, I sat buried in a profound reverie, when the returning lustre of the queen of night presented surrounding objects again to our view, and a Gothic pile of building caught my attention. An iron gate opened to a long avenue lined with aged yews which led to the house, and diffused an air of solemn sadness around this venerable mansion: A peasant passing by Mr. Meredith ordered the driver to stop, and inquired to whom that spot belonged: the

peasant replied it was the property of a Mr. Fermor, who immured himself from all society in that sequestered vale. Mr Meredith uttered an exclamation, and repeated the name of Fermor in a tone of marked surprise.—‘ Yes,’ added the rustic, ‘ we
 ‘ call him the mad gentleman, for he
 ‘ never keeps company with other
 ‘ gentry, but walks about by his-self
 ‘ quite heartless, and prays to an image
 ‘ that stands in’s garden morning and
 ‘ night: no doubt he’s a terrible ido-
 ‘ later; but folks don’t much care to
 ‘ notice it, because as how he’s a Na-
 ‘ bob; and your honour knows to be
 ‘ sure that Nabob’s always worship
 ‘ golden calves, and graven ima-
 ‘ ges.’—‘ It must be him!’ repeated Mr. Meredith, not attending to the observations of the rustic, ‘ It must be
 ‘ my friend;’ and was proceeding to interrogate the loquacious cottager
 more

more minutely, when he suddenly exclaimed—‘ Here! here! your honour
 ‘ may see him through the hole in
 ‘ yon wall! he is on his knees now
 ‘ worshipping the image. Oh! it is a
 ‘ heart-breaking sight, and a crying
 ‘ sin; and if a was a poor man—but
 ‘ mayhap your honour is rich too, so I
 ‘ say no more.’ The rain had ceased; Mr. Meredith quitted his carriage, and I followed him to the spot which the rustic had pointed out. There we beheld a tall spare figure habited in sable, and kneeling at the base of a small monumental tablet, over which was depicted a group of angels crowning a female figure with wreaths of immortal glory; and while one eye was lifted upward expressive of adoration the other seemed declined on the object before him with a look of passionate tenderness. He arose with an air of penetrating dignity, smote his breast,

and silently measured his steps back to the house.

‘ Did not your honour see how he
 ‘ crossed himself when he left the
 ‘ image?’ cried the rustic—‘ No doubt
 ‘ he is either a papish or a heathen, or
 ‘ a Turk, or a Jew, or a—’ ‘ You are
 ‘ mistaken,’ interrupted Mr. Meredith,
 ‘ it is sorrow that affects this gentle-
 ‘ man; he is neither mad, nor any way
 ‘ as you suppose; but some secret grief
 ‘ seems to oppress his mind, and ren-
 ‘ ders him thus singular.’—‘ Mayhap
 ‘ so,’ cried the rustic; ‘ your honour
 ‘ must know best.’ Mr. Meredith put
 something into his hand, and he quitted
 us with many apologies and expressions
 of gratitude. ‘ Georgina,’ said my be-
 nefactor, as soon as our new acquaint-
 ance was gone, ‘ I know the owner of
 ‘ this lonely mansion, he was once
 ‘ my patron and best friend; was uni-
 ‘ versally esteemed abroad; he quitted
 ‘ India before me, and since my return
 ‘ I have

‘ I have made many fruitless inquiries about him.’ As he uttered these words he rang at the gate ; and, after sending in his name, we were admitted. The two friends gazed a moment in silent astonishment, and rushed into each other’s arms. ‘ Forgive me,’ exclaimed the stranger; ‘ forgive me, worthy Meredith ! you are the last I ought to have neglected :—but you will, you must, pardon the sad effects of disappointed hopes. The object on which my heart was fondly fixed was torn from my expecting arms ; and the prime of my days have been devoted to anguish that will end but with life.’ He paused — then ‘ you have often heard me avow a tender attachment, Meredith,’ he added; ‘ but never name its object; she was herself unconscious of my passion, until my return from India: I then flew on the swift wings of fondest preference, to lay my acquisitions at the feet of her for whose loved

' fake I had laboured to obtain them.
 ' But ah, fatal sequel! her heart was
 ' given to another. She generously own-
 ' ed a passion equally hopeless, equally
 ' unconquerable, as what she had in-
 ' spired in me: I submitted in silence
 ' to my fate, nor dared to disobey by
 ' soliciting the interposition of her fa-
 ' ther. She languished near two years,
 ' and expired in these faithful arms.—
 ' Since then, my friend, I have been es-
 ' tranged from society; the busy scenes
 ' of life were insupportable; I se-
 ' questered myself in this lonely dale,
 ' erected a monumental tablet to the
 ' memory of her I loved, where morn-
 ' and night I prostrate myself, hold
 ' imaginary converse with her spirit, and
 ' beseech Heaven to release me from a
 ' state of which I have been long weary.'
 My heart you will readily believe
 melted at this pathetic tale; and
 my benefactor exclaimed with energy,
 ' Such

‘Such is the tyranny of love!’ We
 ‘passed the night in this sad solitude,
 and when I awoke the next morning
 curiosity impelled me to visit the spot
 sacred to the memory of ill-fated ten-
 derness. The day had just broke, a
 gloomy stillness reigned around, and
 heightened the solemnity of the scene.
 Melancholy yews and drooping wil-
 lows formed a deep shade from the
 house to where I was going, and a small
 rivulet murmuring through some peb-
 bles rendered it still more affecting.
 I glided along with stealthy pace till
 I reached the spot; but what was my
 astonishment to find its daily visiter al-
 ready there! His face was joined to
 the cold marble, and his arms encir-
 cled it round. My heart said ‘this is
 ‘indeed madness;’ I stepped softly for-
 ward and read on the tablet this in-
 scription,

‘Sacred to the memory of Amelia
 ‘Danvers.’

H 5

My

My surprise was augmented; I retired with the same caution as I had approached, and hastened to the apartment where I had slept. The narrative of D'Albany recurred to my mind, and the fate of Amelia was no longer a mystery. A message from Mr. Meredith interrupted the chain of my reflections, breakfast awaited us, and we bade adieu to his melancholy friend, after faithfully promising to repeat our visit when we returned to London.

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

THE elegance of the house, the richness of the liveries, and the dazzling splendour of a vis-a-vis that stood at the door, were the first objects that struck my attention on our arrival at the magnificent abode of Sir Robert Meredith. The door opened as our unadorned chariot stopped: three laced footmen presented themselves, and were in an instant succeeded by a tall majestic form, whose countenance bore the remains of very striking beauty; a young lady leaned on his arm, and a servant out of livery attended them. 'My brother—my dear brother!' broke from the lips of Mr. Meredith, and he hastened to pour out the effusions of his heart; tears of affectionate

joy bedewed his cheek, and Sir Robert was not less affected. They had not seen each other since they were boys; and the alteration in their persons filled them both with astonishment; but that of Mr. Meredith's was infinitely the greatest. The look of age imprinted on his brow filled his brother with surprise; for the disappointment of his darling hopes, and the extreme sensibility of his nature, had bowed down my worthy benefactor much more than years: while Sir Robert, though many years older, from possessing less acute feelings, and having been attended by a constant series of good fortune, had scarcely ever tasted of sorrow.

His ruddy complexion and athletic form were strongly expressive of uninterrupted health; but, while they commanded admiration, they did not interest the heart, like the gentle and benevolent manners, the mild and pathetic countenance, the serene, yet penetrating

penetrating eye of his amiable brother. The lady who accompanied Sir Robert was his eldest daughter, and having been presented to Mr. Meredith he turned to me, and, tenderly joining my hand with her's, told her he had brought her a lovely and amiable young friend, who would he was sure merit her affection and esteem: he then introduced me to Sir Robert, in a manner peculiar to himself, and highly flattering to me: called me the child of his heart, and mentioned the names of my parents. That of my mother brought back to Sir Robert's recollection the days of his youth; he welcomed me with expressions of the most sincere friendship, traced in my features a striking resemblance to those of my mother, and lavished encomiums upon me which called up a blush upon my cheeks. While Sir Robert was thus addressing me, the looks of Miss Meredith produced a very different effect on my
mind

mind from those excited by his cordial reception : the latter beheld me with disgust, while the countenance as well as words of the former strongly evinced approbation. A very interesting conversation took place between the brothers, while Miss Meredith and myself sat silent, auditors : and, when her eyes were occasionally turned another way, I endeavoured to trace the character of her mind from that which was impressed upon her features ; and the first trait that struck my attention was excessive pride. Miss Meredith's height was of a standard which is unfavourable to that delicacy generally allowed to be one of the principal requisites to constitute feminine loveliness : her form inelegant in the extreme ; her movements awkward and ungraceful ; her hair the deepest red ; her eyes small, ill-set, fiery and expressive of disdain ; her forehead high and prominent ; her teeth irregular and ill-coloured ;

ill-coloured; the rest of her features coarse and masculine; her complexion flush, as if with anger; her air haughty and forbidding; her voice rough and loud; and her manner decisive and overbearing. After having surveyed her attentively by intervals, I drew my conclusions, and my heart shrunk involuntarily from an object so unhappily distinguished. ‘No,’ said I mentally, ‘I cannot discover the trace of one amiable quality; and if, as I have generally observed, the countenance is an index of the mind, I rather wish to avoid than cultivate its acquaintance.’ But these reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a young gentleman, accompanied by a most beautiful girl about fifteen years of age; the former the only son, the latter the youngest daughter, of Sir Robert; and, after welcoming their uncle, they were introduced to me. Percy Meredith bore a striking resemblance to his elder
sister,

sister, but the likeness was favourable on his part; and the same air and features so strongly repugnant to every idea of female loveliness, was strictly conformable in the general opinion with that of masculine attraction. Percy Meredith was esteemed handsome and elegant; but the same *hateur* so disgusting in his sister, likewise shocked me in him; and my heart drew comparisons between him and the graceful yet mild and insinuating Lionel D'Albany, Ah! let me no longer dwell upon the dangerous theme, but hasten to delineate the perfections of the truly lovely Clara Meredith, whose beauty I never yet saw equalled. Her form was the most perfect symmetry that can be imagined, her features regular and expressive of all that can enchant: good sense, modesty, sweetness and simplicity, blended with exquisite feeling, delicacy and spirit, were impressed on each of them; ten thousand little

loves sported around her dimpled mouth; innumerable cupids revelled in her languishing blue eyes; her complexion was fair as ever poets feigned, or painters strove to imitate; her hair a pale and silver brown, flowed in vast profusion over her elegant shoulders, and descended waving in native ringlets to the bottom of her fine turned waist; and delicacy united with health, grace with harmony, to adorn the whole. The simple elegance of her dress formed a striking contrast to the costly but ill-chosen finery of her sister, and contributed to render her so irresistibly charming, that to behold was almost to adore her.

“ Thoughtless of beauty she was beauty’s self.”

Nor were her manners less attractive than her form: blessed with sense, spirit, sensibility, and sweetness of temper, she exerted her utmost powers to entertain me: my heart owned her for an acquaintance;

acquaintance; and while her brother paid me the most flattering attention my thoughts were wholly absorbed in admiration of herself.

Sir Robert Meredith had been deprived of his lady on the birth of the lovely Clara, and not feeling in himself any inclination to a second union Miss Meredith was immediately on her return from France, where herself and Clara received their education, invested with the government of his family; and the arbitrary power which prevails in the country of her birth did not at all contribute to soften or correct a disposition naturally cruel and imperious; but on the contrary her unamiable qualities gained strength by indulgence. Her fond father did not restrain her follies because he was blind to them: his other daughter he had not seen until his return to England from her early childhood, and Miss Meredith was therefore the idol of his heart; thus she grew
up

up and attained maturity, feared and shunned by all around her except her partial parent. He fondly thought her, what she believed herself, lovely and amiable ; and in every respect the reverse of what she really was. The unamiable light in which she appeared possibly deterred her brother from indulging the disposition that nature had planted in his mind ; and which his having, through Sir Robert's mistaken fondness, been educated under his own eye in a land of slavery had certainly contributed to strengthen. Pride, ostentation, vanity, and ill-nature, were therefore his ruling passions when he attained manhood ; but he maintained an unceasing warfare between inclination and reason : and to do him justice, at the commencement of our acquaintance the latter was generally predominant ; my heart never failed to applaud this conquest, and I respected his character in consequence of it. His moral conduct

duct appeared to me unexceptionable :
 he was a dutiful and attentive son, an
 affectionate brother, and a just, though
 severe, master. His preference of Miss
 Meredith to Clara was what most
 astonished me ; for while he saw, and
 with gentlest tenderness endeavoured to
 correct, the glaring imperfections of
 Miss Meredith, he seemed totally in-
 sensible to the uncommon merits of his
 younger sister : and although he never
 behaved toward her with unkindness,
 his tenderest attentions were invariably
 pointed to Miss Meredith. And sensi-
 ble as he was of her faults, and the
 obstinacy with which she persisted to
 despise the voice of mildest reproof,
 or most affectionate counsel, it did not
 lessen his partiality for her, or make
 him more attentive to the charming
 Clara ; who, with all her perfections
 of form and mind, was less distinguished
 by Sir Robert as well as Mr. Meredith,
 than her unamiable sister. Clara soon
 evinced

evinced a very animated friendship for me ; my heart sincerely returned the attachment of this charming girl, and we spent all our leisure hours together ; but few were those hours, for public places and private parties generally divided our time. Sir Robert likewise paid me the most flattering attention ; but Miss Meredith seemed to have conceived an invincible dislike to me, which daily gained strength, and which was proof against my utmost efforts to surmount. In vain have I endeavoured to soothe her rugged nature by mildest condescension and most friendly attentions ; she would turn from me with scorn, and seldom vouchsafed me a reply. The spirit of Clara, like my own, shrunk from the glare of public life, and gladly would have sought the calm shades of retirement ; but there the taste of Sir Robert and her brother, no less than that of Miss Meredith, opposed her wishes ; and she was ever
ready

ready to sacrifice her own inclination to gratify theirs. A constant round of dissipation Miss Meredith deemed absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of life; alas! she knew no other. An entire stranger to the pleasures of the mind, her constant aim was to bury its whispers amid the tumultuous circles of fashion. Sir Robert was not less attached to shew and parade: an ostentatious display of affluence was his ruling passion, to indulge which he deemed no sacrifice too great; while his son did not appear sensible of any higher gratification than that of being distinguished as a man of superior taste, spirit, elegance, and gallantry, to any with whom he associated. On the commencement of our acquaintance he was perpetually recounting his fashionable exploits: his horse-races cards, dice, balloons, runners, walkers, stone-eaters, boxers, &c. &c. by turns drained his purse; but not finding me,

as he expected, much amused by the relation of such modish absurdities he endeavoured to adapt his conversation more to my unfashionable mode of thinking: and while he secretly pitied my taste, he avowedly approved it;—hoping, I presume, by degrees to conquer my prejudices, and give me a relish for polite life. His marked attentions to me did not escape the observation of my kind benefactor. He beheld it with visible approbation; and observed with pleasure that his nephew had deserted the gambling house, and seldom appeared in public but to attend his sisters and myself. Clara rallied; Miss Meredith's constructions were expressed by a disdainful smile or a contemptuous sneer, while Sir Robert and myself only were unsuspecting of the cause to which the alteration in his son's manners were generally attributed.

Among

Among the many gallant visiters that frequented Sir Robert's parties at home, and escorted us in public, were several gentlemen more distinguished by their rank and fortunes than any other merit, who honoured me with a degree of attention; by which as they increased the aversion which Miss Meredith had conceived against me, without affording me the smallest pleasure, I was not at all gratified. Among these, the person whose attentions were the most particular, was a young nobleman whom I shall distinguish by the name of Lord Lismoor: he was of very exalted rank and immense fortune; the most intimate companion of Percy Meredith, and the chief favourite of his sisters: Clara laughed, sung, danced and romped with him; but Miss Meredith regarded him with a more serious preference; and her antipathy to me

me increased in proportion with his assiduities.

Lord Lismoor was at that period a perfect adept in every modish pursuit, or, to use his own phrase, he knew the world well, although but eighteen years of age. His person was formed to please, although not distinguished by a single trait of beauty; and his manners to engage, from a remarkable manliness of form for his years: he appeared much older than he really was:—his manners corresponded with his person; and nothing of that boyishness so generally disgusting at his age was at all conspicuous. The expression of his countenance was as striking as any I ever beheld; and it was scarcely possible to behold him without approbation: the fire, yet melting softness of his eyes was calculated to charm the soul; the graces of his conversation to captivate the senses.—Every action was distinguished by softness, elegance,

grace, and vivacity; his voice was harmony itself; and possessed of a most happy flow of thoughts and choice of language, the mind must be stupidly insensible that could not listen to him without being delighted; but his understanding was rather brilliant than solid, and nature certainly designed him rather as a shining ornament than an useful member of society. The *penchant* which his Lordship evinced for me therefore rendered me the subject of much discussion, and no inconsiderable portion of envy. The male part of his acquaintance courted my society; and the ladies (with whom from the description I have given, you may pronounce him no common favourite), envied the conquest of which I was unconscious, and wondered what the gay, the elegant, and fascinating Lismoor, could discover to attach him in such an aukward rustic. His Lordship's attentions at length became too pointed for me to be any longer

longer blind to them. Percy Meredith's animated friendship seemed converted into fixed aversion; Miss Meredith's eyes darted fire at us both; his Lordship's approach was no longer beheld with pleasure, nor his absence regretted; but on the contrary he was received with coolness by all but Clara, and entertained with sullen silence. I observed the change; and as I was not at all ambitious of his Lordship's preference, I endeavoured to convince him that his marked assiduities were highly disagreeable to me; but my views were unattended by success:—his Lordship seemed not to understand my silent repulses. And although his attentions were sufficiently particular to render me the subject of general conversation, he had never uttered a word that could authorise me to treat him in a more serious manner. And while in each polite circle he was pro-

nounced to be my lover, I attributed his conduct to the charm of novelty, and the native vivacity of his disposition. In this belief I was confirmed, by his suddenly quitting town from no apparent cause but mere whim, and retiring to his seat in Yorkshire; telling me at parting, with his usual gaiety, that he should most probably be detained in the country until I had deserted the dear haunts of fashionable life; but that chance, or propitious fortune, he hoped would again bless him with my society: and, pressing my hand to his lips rather gallantly than tenderly, he wished that happiness might ever await me. And paying a few forced compliments to Miss Meredith, hoping they would for the present correct the acidity of her temper, he bade us adieu, and his departure restored our society to its former ease and good humour. Percy Meredith seemed inspired with new life; Miss Meredith's

Meredith's aversion lay concealed under the semblance of cordiality; her *hauteur* daily abated, and I attributed her past conduct to her having formed a real attachment to Lord Lismoor; and as it had not met with a return, I considered her rather as an object of compassion than censure: but in this belief I was soon undeceived; Miss Meredith gained a real suitor, and Lord Lismoor was forgotten. I then discovered the folly I had been guilty of, in supposing a mind like Miss Meredith's capable of a tender attachment; pride and vanity were her ruling passions, and every other distinction fell before them. It was the rank and consequence of Lord Lismoor that had attracted her regard, or rather excited her ambition: but, flattered by a man of equal rank with a degree of attention which she had never experienced from his Lordship,

he soon became with her an object of indifference, and her soul was entirely engrossed by the new favourite.

It was in consequence of having danced together at a masqued ball that the Earl of Wharton became enamoured of Miss Meredith; or, more properly speaking, of her father's coffers. The fame of Sir Robert's wealth supplied the want of charms in his daughter. Unbounded extravagance had rendered his Lordship's affairs desperate, and he resolved upon getting a rich wife as a desperate remedy: nor could he in the eye of prudence have made a happier choice than in Miss Meredith, who was not over nice in the qualifications of her lovers: but, provided they could offer her a splendid title, and the dazzling distinction of a woman of quality, overlooked the paltry consideration of merit, and was willing to compound for a person emaciated, and a mind debased

debased by a life of dissipation. Sir Robert's consent was therefore obtained; some few objections which her brother and uncle started respecting the age and character of his Lordship overruled; and, with a heart dilated with as large a portion of happiness as it was capable of containing, Miss Meredith was permitted to indulge the pleasing hope of soon becoming Lady Wharton. But unskilled as I was in the language of the eyes, especially where dissimulation so perfect as Lord Wharton had attained was called in to veil the movements of the heart, I imagined that he beheld every other woman with more approbation than his destined bride. The lovely Clara engaged his visible preference; but, well assured that she was a prize above his most sanguine hopes, he wisely directed his whole attention to secure the blessing which fortune had thus

profusely thrown into his lap. Though destitute of every other charm Miss Meredith possessed youth, which, united to eighty thousand pounds, and considerable expectations at the death of Sir Robert, rendered her a valuable treasure to a needy debauchee near his grand climacteric, whose estate was mortgaged to supply the demands of that rapacious harpy, the gaming table, and whose clamorous creditors were an insuperable bar to happiness. Thus elated with the prospect of being released from such a train of evils, his Lordship seemed to have regained the fire and vivacity of youth, while the fated partner of his future days was no less enraptured by the pleasing contemplation of approaching dignities. Ever an enemy to reflection, the only means that presented itself to Miss Meredith of anticipating happiness in store for her, was by introducing additional

ditional festivities among us: balls, routs, and masks, by turns amused the passing hours, and cheated us of thought; the only mode in her estimation to taste of pleasure. A masquerade had always claimed the preference among her most favourite amusements: it was there she had gained her noble lover, and been flattered with the most charming pictures of future eclat, and consequently future felicity: a masquerade was therefore still the reigning idol of heart, and one of the first entertainments proposed in honour of Lord Wharton. His Lordship was no less partial to a mask than Miss Meredith: to confess the truth, it was a point of policy with both; and they certainly appeared to infinite advantage in disguise. Miss Meredith's figure shone conspicuous as an Eastern Princess or an Indian Queen; and imagination is ever apt to paint the

face enchanting that is concealed under a veil. His Lordship's tall spare form likewise received no inconsiderable advantages on these occasions; and in the character of a youthful monarch or a mighty hero he might, perhaps, have made conquests that he never could have aspired to in *propria persona*.

The proposal of a mask was therefore highly flattering to his Lordship; every preparation was made for the blissful evening. Dress and the choice of our characters were the next considerations. After much discussion Miss Meredith determined on that of a Sultana, which was certainly the most advantageous she could possibly have chosen; for a Turkish dress is of all others the best adapted for an ill proportioned form. Clara was a wood-nymph, — and sure the poets never feigned one half so lovely. An entire
novice

novice in such scenes I would have preferred a domino, but Miss Meredith insisted, Clara entreated, and the character of Diana was fixed on for, rather than by, me. Sir Robert and Mr. Meredith wore black dominos: his Lordship and Percy Meredith concealed their choice of characters in order, as they declared, to put our distinguishing powers to the test.

Miss Meredith's dress was superb in the extreme: the under vest, or casque, was a white satin, trimmed with gold fringe, and clasped with rose diamonds; the upper one a white crape, richly ornamented with gold and foil, with wreaths of the most costly artificial flowers, and clusters of diamonds interspersed; her arms were loaded with diamonds, and her hair, braided in the Turkish manner, was adorned with such an immense quantity of precious stones as dazzled the eyes of the beholder, and conveyed a striking picture of Eastern
 I 6 magnificence.

magnificence. The charming Clara displayed a perfect contrast to all this splendour;

‘ A native grace

‘ Sat fair proportion’d on her polish’d limbs,

‘ Veiled in a simple robe their best attire.’

As a mark of her unerring judgment she always made choice of that elegant simplicity which adorned her beauty without destroying its effect, as is too frequently the case, where the attention is called off from an enchanting face or fine proportioned form, by the gorgeous trappings with which those charms are surrounded; and that admiration which the wearer is formed to excite, is solely engrossed by the dress. But nature and truth had taught Clara Meredith that a profusion of ornaments is rather calculated to conceal deformity than adorn native loveliness. The dress which she made choice of was, therefore, a pale green taffety
made

made exactly to her shape, fastened at the wrists and breast with pearls: her fine hair flowed negligently in all its native elegance, without a single ornament; she had a quiver, bow, and arrows; and the lightness, ease, grace, and vivacity of her movements, could only be equalled by the symmetry and elegance of her form.

As for myself I wore a pale blue satin body, and coat ornamented with spangled crape and silver fringe, with festoons of roses and wheat ears, and loops of pearls; a train of the same crape, with a crescent veil and other appendages, characteristic of the chaste goddess in the first style of elegance. But when the rooms which were illuminated with coloured lamps of cut glass, and most elegantly fitted up for the occasion, began to fill, I quite forgot that I had a part to support in the entertainment of the evening; and my

whole attention was engrossed by the novelty of the scene. There were nuns, quakers, scaramouches, hay-makers, gods, goddesses, and beings of almost every description; who supported characters widely different to what they had assumed. There were two very alert sailors, who danced Scotch reels in high perfection with an old woman. But the group which at first most interested me was the Nine Muses and Apollo; their figures were all beautiful, and the god touched his lyre with such resistless skill that the whole assembly thronged around him. There was a Venus who appeared well calculated to support her character, and coquetted with every male mask she met; there was likewise a conjuror, a Jew, and a Spanish friar, who singled me out from the rest of the company, and followed me which ever way I turned. Dominos in abundance flocked around our beautiful

tiful wood-nymph and myself: and numerous were the professions of love to which we were obliged to listen. But after he had won the attention, and excited the curiosity of every female in the room, the Apollo professed himself my ardent adorer; and, laying his lyre crowned with laurel at my feet, declared that fate had submitted his destiny to my decision. I rallied the ardour of his professions, bade him remember the purity of my character and the dignity of his own, and that he ought to be superior to the dominion of those passions incident to mortals: the god instantly dropped his gaiety, and, assuming an air of sadness, was about to whisper something in my ear; when a very elegant Endymion stepped between us and claimed me for his own, and, in a tone of tender reproach, inquired where I had concealed myself; adding, that he had been in search of
me

me the whole evening. Apollo was extremely chagrined at the intrusion, severely reproved the presumptuous mortal, and bade him quit me, or expect the reward of his temerity. Endymion listened with an air of indifference to those threats, and again addressing me, regardless of Apollo's displeasure, began a very pathetic and ardent declaration of unalterable attachment, when I beheld Clara approaching toward us in extreme agitation, followed by a crowd of masks: she flew to me, and begged I would defend her from the insults of a Pan, who had tormented her the whole evening. I assumed all the dignity in my power, and commanded the sylvan monster to desist from his pursuit, nor dare to molest the peace of my faithful votary: but, clasping me in his arms, he declared he had only followed her because he could not before discover me. His whole appearance

ance was so truly disgusting that I uttered an involuntary shriek: Apollo and Endymion interfered, and Pan quitted me abruptly, whispering in my ear that he should find a time to be more explicit. My rival lovers then commenced an altercation more animated than before; but, wearied of them both, I leaned on the arm of my beautiful wood-nymph; and, mingling with the crowd, we left them to contend at leisure. A youthful and most elegant figure in the character of a sylph next addressed us: his dress was sweetly fancied; there was a pensive softness in his manner; he spoke in a feigned voice, but every accent he uttered affected me in a manner for which I could not account, and conveyed a resistless charm to the heart. He told us that his name was Zelidor, that he was of the first order of sylphs, and that the delightful task appointed him was to guide
and

and protect the most lovely and virtuous of women : he paused, then pressing my hand ardently to his bosom, ‘ It is you!’ he exclaimed, ‘ who under that description I have selected from all your sex; you are my beauteous charge, and I your guardian spirit;—ah! beware that you never dishonour me:—let no fatal delusion tempt you from the paths of truth and honour; be just to virtuous love. You have a fond and faithful lover, whose life and happiness depends on you: follow then the dictates of your generous heart, you cannot err. Farewell,’ he cried, ‘ farewell, farewell; be firm, be happy; and, oh! remember Zelidor!’ He vanished as soon as he had uttered these words. I stood entranced for some moments; when remembering Clara, who was no less astonished than myself, ‘ Does my lovely girl,’ said I, ‘ know this Zelidor?’

‘ No,’

‘No,’ she replied; ‘no indeed, I have
 ‘no acquaintance with angels; and sure
 ‘he is one. What a form! what en-
 ‘chanting language! what an affecting
 ‘manner! I wish I could know him:
 ‘for, whether human or divine, I should
 ‘adore him.’—‘Then you are really in
 ‘love with Zelidor?’ said I,—‘No,’ she
 replied, ‘only for the moment; for
 ‘he is in love with you: I then will
 ‘only court his friendship, and being
 ‘distinguished by your kind regard,
 ‘hope to merit his protection.’ ‘Come,’
 she added, ‘fair queen of night, let us
 ‘walk round the rooms, perhaps we
 ‘may again meet Zelidor.’—I silently
 acquiesced; we strolled round the rooms,
 but no Zelidor was there.—‘I began
 ‘to think he was really a spirit,’ said
 Clara.—‘If a malignant one,’ said a
 voice behind us, ‘deliver him up to
 ‘me, I’ll soon teach him submission.’
 We turned round and beheld the
 conjurer.

conjurer. ‘But the spirit of whom we
 ‘spoke,’ replied Clara, ‘is all benignity
 ‘and sweetness, and above your pow-
 ‘er.’—‘Beware,’ returned the conju-
 rer, ‘that he is not some fiend who has
 ‘assumed this pleasing form to cheat
 ‘you into ruin.’—Ah no!’ cried Clara,
 ‘surely dissimulation and Zelidor are
 ‘unknown to each other.’—‘And are
 ‘you, my fainted queen,’ said the in-
 truder, addressing me, ‘equally par-
 ‘tial to this Zelidor?’—‘I acknowledge
 said I, ‘he hath charmed, interested,
 ‘and surprised me.’—‘By the men-
 ‘tion of a fond and faithful lover,’ cried
 the conjurer. I started. ‘And is
 ‘that,’ he added, ‘such a miracle?
 ‘must not such charms create univer-
 ‘sal adoration, and such unequalled
 ‘virtues ensure everlasting fidelity?
 ‘But I can tell you more, I can instruct
 ‘you to discover who this fond and
 ‘faithful lover is; I can describe the
 ‘felicity

‘felicity that now awaits you, and
 ‘instruct you how to secure it.’—‘Can
 ‘you?’ I exclaimed. ‘Oh! yes,’ he
 replied, ‘I am entrusted with the key
 ‘of all human events, past, present,
 ‘or to come: and if you follow the
 ‘dictates of reason and gratitude, and
 ‘take to your arms the person I shall
 ‘delineate,—you will be wretched,’
 exclaimed a soft voice in my ear. It
 was Zelidor! I was so extremely re-
 joiced at again beholding him, that I
 no longer paid any attention to the
 conjurer. ‘Fair excellence!’ said Ze-
 lidor, ‘trust not that flatterer, but
 ‘learn to doubt the equivocation
 ‘of the fiend that lies like truth.’
 The conjurer struck him with his wand,
 as he uttered these words; Zelidor
 wrenched it easily from him, and, lay-
 ing it gently across his shoulders, bade
 him learn lenity and forgiveness from
 an immortal. But the enraged wizard
 not

not satisfied with the insult he had before offered him, nor corrected by the mild reproof he had received, rudely attempted to force off his mask: Zelidor defended himself with amazing temper, some of the company interposed, Zelidor was liberated, and we beheld him no more. The conjurer then began to apologize for his rudeness, but neither Clara or myself could excuse his treatment of our charming sylph; and we left him without vouchsafing a reply.

In vain we sought for Zelidor; pensiveness succeeded to the former vivacity of Clara, and unusual sadness enveloped my heart. The delightful music and pathetic address of Apollo was disregarded, the ardour of Endymion repaid with scorn, and Zelidor possessed all our thoughts: we were disgusted with every other object, and rejoiced when the company departed.

parted. Zelidor was the subject of our conversation until we retired to rest,—— and his image haunted my dreams.

Adieu. I have related this adventure minutely; as however trifling it may appear to you at present it was introductory of more important events to

GEORGINA.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

GEORGINA TO CHARLES WERSTEIN, ESQ.

THE incidents of the masquerade filled my mind and disturbed my slumbers; extreme fatigue made me sleep later than usual the next morning, and I was engaged in a most interesting conversation with Zelidor when Clara awoke me; and, dispatching her maid with a message to Miss Meredith to excuse our appearance, we breakfasted in my dressing-room together. A *tête-à-tête* with Clara was always particularly agreeable to me; our sentiments were strictly congenial, and our hearts united by a friendship that can only

only end with time. As soon as breakfast was removed a servant entered with tender inquiries from my kind benefactor, adding a request to speak with me alone : I trembled, I knew not why, as I delivered my answer to the servant : Clara left me to dress, and Mr. Meredith appeared in a few minutes. I arose with trepidation on his entrance, an unusual terror invaded my whole frame ; he tenderly observed that I looked pale and disordered : I attributed it to the fatigue of the masquerade : he pressed me to his paternal bosom, called me his child, his dear good girl ; and, gently relating me, drew his chair close to mine. There was a seriousness in his air and manner that alarmed me. I feared it was a prelude to some unwelcome tale : a variety of busy apprehensions crowded around my heart ; and, ever affected by his generous effusions of tender solicitude, I could not suppress my emo-

tions, but, throwing my arms around him, I wept passionately in his bosom. My extreme agitation surprized him, and diverted his thoughts from the subject he came about. He repeatedly inquired if I was well and perfectly happy, or if there was any thing in his power would render me more so. Ten thousand times I blessed his generous goodness, and assured him that my emotions were solely the result of that gratitude and affection, awakened by his tenderness, and that, while blessed with his regard and protection, unhappiness must be a stranger to my heart. ‘ And
‘ of that, my dearest girl,’ he replied,
‘ nought but death can ever deprive
‘ you. — My soul has long, and will
‘ ever adopt you for its own: first I
‘ loved you for the memory of your
‘ amiable mother, but now for the un-
‘ common excellencies I discover in
‘ yourself. No child was ever dearer
‘ to the soul of a fond parent: none
‘ was

' was ever more worthy of affection.
 ' The first wish of my heart is to ren-
 ' der you and your brother happy ;
 ' life, my Georgina, is uncertain ; I am
 ' old and weighed down almost to my
 ' grave with many sorrows, and I wish
 ' to see you secured as much as possible
 ' against the storms of fate and fortune,
 ' ere I bid you a long adieu.—' I have
 ' I hope,' he added, kissing off a tear
 from my cheek, ' been not only a pro-
 ' tector but a kind, a faithful, and in-
 ' dulent friend to you ; and amply
 ' have your virtues and your graces
 ' rewarded all my care. Tell me then,
 ' my daughter, is there any wish at
 ' your heart which it is in my power
 ' to gratify ? Let not a false delicacy def-
 ' troy your future happiness, consider
 ' me as a tender and anxious parent,
 ' and let no unkind reserve subsist be-
 ' tween us.' I told him ' I never had
 or would have any reserves from him.

Lionel D'Albany's image seemed to start up and reproach my disingenuous reply; but pride, false, fatal pride, restrained my faltering tongue.'—

'What!' the delusive Circe whispered, 'expose your folly, perhaps your shame! reveal your unfought love for one who perhaps loves some other ere now, who never flattered you with ought but friendship:—cold, common friendship;—who never, never thought of you and love. No, let the fatal secret corrode your peace, but never shame your tongue; let it lie concealed in the inmost recess of your fond heart, and die with you.'

I listened to the counsel of [the inbred forcerefs: I locked up my soul against the pleading eloquence of friendship, and repeatedly assured him that my happiness was unimbittered; and that I, had neither a wish nor a thought
that

that I could desire to conceal from him.

‘ Sincerity !

‘ Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave

‘ Thy onward path !’

For sharp are the pangs with which a breach of thy laws seldom fail to be attended, and the felicity that might otherwise have crowned my days have been the sacrifice. Alas! was my peace the only victim I would bow without repining to the just, yet severe, decree. Forgive this digression; I must resume my narrative, nor wound your generous heart by unavailing complaints.

‘ Since then,’ said my kind protector, gazing at me with one of those benignant smiles, which never failed to cheer my heart, ‘ the soul of my amiable girl is a stranger to disguise, nor conceals one thought from the friend so

‘ sincerely interested in her welfare;
 ‘ I shall with less embarrassment in-
 ‘ form her of the motives of my pre-
 ‘ sent intrusion.’ He kissed my hand
 affectionately, and, looking in my face,
 seemed to wait my reply; but I was
 totally incapable of making any. He
 then drew a letter from his pocket, and,
 putting it into my hand, I beheld the
 well-known characters of Lord Lif-
 moor, and my agitation became more
 perceptible. ‘ Read this, my love,’
 said Mr. Meredith, ‘ and let me know
 ‘ your sentiments when you have well
 ‘ weighed the importance of the sub-
 ‘ ject; for remember that the happi-
 ‘ ness of your future days, and conse-
 ‘ quently, in a great measure, the hap-
 ‘ piness of all with whom you are con-
 ‘ nected, (myself among the number)
 ‘ depends on your decision.’ I arose
 with brimful eyes, I followed him in
 silence to the door of my chamber, I
 pressed his hand to my lips, and dropped
 a grateful

a grateful tear upon it as he left me. I then hastened to unfold the mysterious packet; it was, as I had feared, from Lord Lisemoor, describing in most pathetic language the passion with which I had inspired him; declaring the impossibility of existing without he obtained me, and soliciting Mr. Meredith's permission to lay himself at my feet: an enclosed paper dropped on the floor as I opened the letter; I took it up as soon as I had perused the other, and found it to contain these words.

‘ Lord Lisemoor is a powerful pleader, he wants no recommendation from me: if he is happy enough to obtain the preference of my Georgina I shall acquiesce in her choice, and receive him as a son; but justice, duty, and affection, influences my pen in another cause. My nephew loves you even to adoration: he too has made me the confident of his passion; and if your heart allows it, the union
‘ you

' you may be assured would bless my
 ' few remaining days with an increase
 ' of happiness. His merits I need not
 ' point out to you: I shall only ob-
 ' serve, if less shining. I believe him
 ' equally valuable as Lord Lismoor;
 ' and of a disposition more favourable
 ' to that steady and permanent attach-
 ' ment so necessary in a matrimonial
 ' state. Lord Lismoor is very young,
 ' and remarkably volatile; therefore,
 ' I am induced to believe he would
 ' feel less from a disappointment of a
 ' tender nature than Percy Meredith,
 ' whose heart, be assured, is unalterably
 ' yours, and whose future peace awaits
 ' your answer. The gewgaw of a
 ' title I know you are superior to; can-
 ' dour and sentiment have guided your
 ' conduct in every other instance, and
 ' will, I am convinced, in the present;
 ' and let me caution you, my dearchild,
 ' against mistaking what I have said
 ' in.

‘ in behalf of my nephew, for any
 ‘ wish to influence your choice. Ty-
 ‘ ranny of every description I abhor;
 ‘ but above all, that of the heart. Be
 ‘ perfectly free then, my good girl; it
 ‘ is impossible to command our af-
 ‘ fections; and again I repeat it, I wish
 ‘ to cherish, not direct yours. A cold
 ‘ reluctant compliance will never make
 ‘ a deserving lover happy, therefore be
 ‘ ingenuous I earnestly conjure for the
 ‘ sake of all parties. Generously in-
 ‘ form me which of the two is the object
 ‘ of your preference: if neither decline
 ‘ both; or if there is any other more
 ‘ happy in the possession of your regard
 ‘ be assured I shall be no less zealous
 ‘ to promote your wishes; fully con-
 ‘ vinced that you are incapable of
 ‘ making an improper choice. Percy
 ‘ goes into the country with Lord
 ‘ Wharton for a short time, where he
 ‘ will wait with all the impatience of
 ‘ ardent love for your determination.

‘ Adieu,

‘ Adieu, my good girl, and believe me
 ‘ ~~that you will~~ ever be dear to the
 ‘ heart of

‘ W. MEREDITH.’

Surprize and sorrow seized my heart on the perusal of this letter, Lord Lis-
 moor’s address gave me little concern; I feared no disagreeable consequence from my refusal there; but I saw too plainly that the happiness of my kind benefactor, my generous friend, was interested in the success of his nephew. My heart repulsed them both, yet of the two Lord Lismoor’s person, manners, and accomplishments, certainly claimed my preference; but as neither could possess my love I resolved to make the sacrifice to gratitude, and pay implicit obedience to the wishes of him to whom I was indebted for all that I enjoyed. ‘ This,’ said I, ‘ will be some
 ‘ faint tribute of the respect and love
 ‘ my

‘ my heart feels for all his generous
 ‘ goodness; it must, it shall be so; and
 ‘ what will my devoted heart lose?
 ‘ only a fond illusion that preys upon
 ‘ my peace, but in all probability can
 ‘ never be realized. Ah, Lionel D’Al-
 ‘ bany! but he will be my friend still:
 ‘ his wishes carry him no farther: why
 ‘ then should mine? It is a fatal frailty
 ‘ in my nature, but I will conquer it;
 ‘ and my perverse heart shall yield to
 ‘ the dictates of duty. Lionel D’Al-
 ‘ bany esteems me; my union with an-
 ‘ other will not forbid its continuance;
 ‘ but Percy Meredith loves me with
 ‘ fondness, his happiness and life seems
 ‘ to await my decree. I am told so
 ‘ by one whose request have, and shall
 ‘ ever be, my rule of action. It is fixed
 ‘ then,—a fond lover, who partially
 ‘ selects me in preference to such crowds
 ‘ of beauties more happily distinguished,
 ‘ will surely make a tender and faith-
 ‘ ful husband; and I will study to me-
 ‘ rit

'rit his affection by every means in
 ' my power, and render it permanent.
 ' Yes, I will erase from my memory,
 ' the idol that has long possessed my
 ' heart, and no longer be the slave of
 ' error; it is only one effort.'— I took
 up my pen, and with a serenity, the re-
 collection of which will ever amaze me,
 wrote the following lines.

' REASON and duty direct my
 ' choice in favour of Mr. Meredith,
 ' of whose generous distinction I trust
 ' my future conduct will shew me deep-
 ' ly sensible; and who receives an ad-
 ' ditional value in my estimation, from
 ' being so nearly connected and de-
 ' servedly dear to the most indulgent
 ' and most exalted of mankind, who
 ' merits infinitely more than can be ex-
 ' pressed by his ever

' Grateful and affectionate,

' GEORGINA.'

' It

‘ It is over,’ said I, as soon as I had delivered this letter to a servant, ‘ the struggle is over ; and this is the last pang that virtue allows to the memory of Lionel D’Albany.’ But, starting from my seat, I bolted the door of my chamber; and, while I determined it should be the last time, I indulged in all the luxury of sorrow, took from my pocket a faint resemblance which my unskilful hand had traced of the object of my secret vows ! And while I bedewed it with my tears, I called to my remembrance the innocent, yet lively pleasures which I had so lately tasted, but which reason, duty, and gratitude now forbid me to cherish ; and, committing the valued portrait to the flames, I besought Heaven to approve the virtuous sacrifice, and efface the original from my heart. Adieu.

GEORGINA.

... I had ...
... this letter in a ...
... and this ...
... to the ...
... the ...
... the door of ...
... I determined ...
... I indulged ...
... took from ...
... which ...
... the ...
... And while ...
... I called to ...
... the innocent ...
... I had to ...
... day, and ...
... to ...
... to ...
... the ...
... and ...
... the original ...



GEORGINA.

ERRATA IN VOL. I.

Page	Line	
17	11	<i>for the Comtesse de la Cervigne read</i> the Comtesse de Cervigne.
49	14	<i>for momentos read memento's.</i>
51	8	<i>for reverend read revered.</i>
68	21	<i>for severity read serenity</i> ~~_____~~
88	13	<i>for Britain read Briton.</i>
89	5	<i>for object read objects.</i>
98	5	<i>for she read Matilda—and in line 18</i> <i>for would read could.</i>
111	7	<i>read rough school of affliction.</i>
118	14, 15, 16	<i>read " declared he knew of none,</i> he ought to have. Supposed, &c.
135	8	<i>for indignity read dignity.</i>
136	6	<i>for eneffectual read ineffectual.</i>
137	22	<i>for aplication read application.</i>
142	10	<i>read conflict of my mind.</i>
159	3	<i>for flush read flush'd</i>
160	8	<i>for hateur read hauteur.</i>
170	5	<i>omit not.</i>
187	18	<i>for began read begin.</i>
84	10	<i>for promise read promised.</i>